We burn up... "SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER"

...scorch TEENAGE TACTICS

...broil BUFFET SUPPERS

...roast DISCO JOINTS

...and incinerate "EIGHT IS ENOUGH"

MAD

No. 201 Sept. '78

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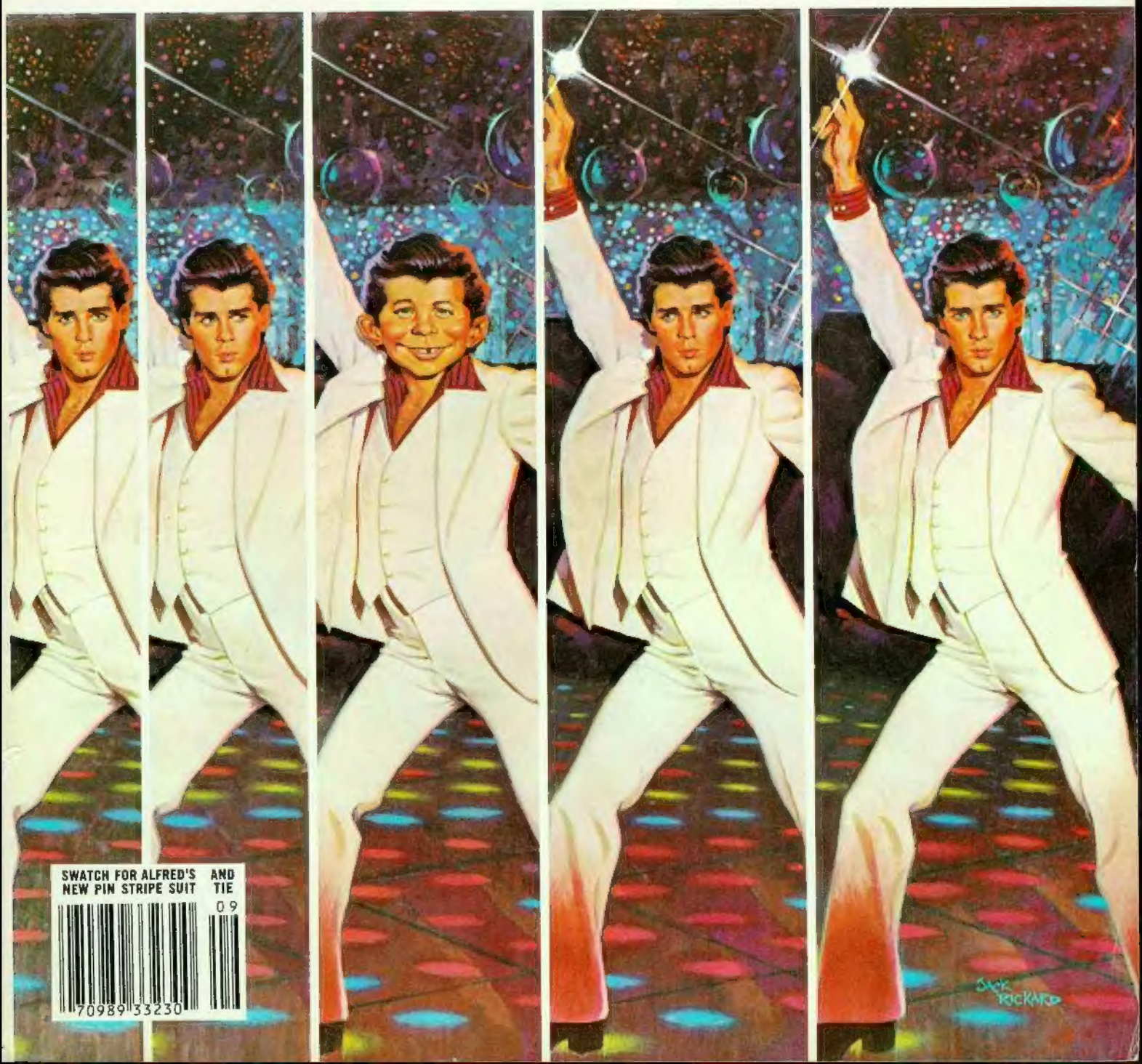

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NUMBER 201 SEPTEMBER 1978

MAD

"Falling in love is like eating mushrooms: You're never sure it's the real thing until it's too late!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI,
DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

ADOLESSONS DEPARTMENT
How To Teenage 31

AS THE UNDERWORLD TURNS DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look At The Changing Face Of Crime 22

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Summer Problems 16

BROOD FORCE DEPARTMENT
"Eight Is Too Rough" (A MAD TV Show Satire) 43

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
One Friday Morning 15
One Saturday Afternoon 21
One Sunday Evening 48

HIGH TRAVOLTAGE DEPARTMENT
"Saturday Night Feeble" (A MAD Movie Satire) 4

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 42

LAPPING IT UP DEPARTMENT
MAD Goes To A Buffet Supper 28

LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragones ..... **

NO CONFIDENCE GAME DEPARTMENT
How Can You Trust...? 40

REDEEMING FEATURE DEPARTMENT
Discount Coupons We Really Need 24

THE BRANDWRITING IS ON THE WALL DEPARTMENT
Trademark Graffiti 12

TRIPPING WITH THE LIGHTS IS FANTASTIC DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look At Discos 37

**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD—September, 1978, Volume 1, No. 201. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscription: in U.S.A., 15 issues $9.00. Outside U.S.A., 15 issues $10.00. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. Entire contents copyright © 1978 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
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VITAL FEATURES

"SATURDAY NIGHT FEEBLE" (Movie Satire) Pg. 4

A LOOK AT THE CHANGING FACE OF CRIME Pg. 22

MAD GOES TO A BUFFET SUPPER Pg. 28

SOME MAD HINTS ON "HOW TO TEENAGE" Pg. 31

A MAD LOOK AT DISCOS Pg. 37

"EIGHT IS TOO ROUGH" (TV Show Satire) Pg. 43

LETTERS DEPT.

AL JAFFEE'S DOG-GONE COVER

I was surprised to see Al Jaffee take the cover chores away from Jack Rickard. I guess that's dog-eat-dog competition.

Ed Summer
New York, N.Y.

Al Jaffee's cover was definitely in "bad taste"!

Curtis J. Rist
Baie D'Urfé, Québec
Canada

THE SPY WHO GLUBBED ME

Your movie satire "The Spy Who Glubbed Me" is like the real James Bond flicks. You can't figure them out either.

S.S. Johnson
Carson City, Nev.

"Nobody does it better than Bond" *and* Drucker *and* De Bartolo!

Jon Korfmacher
Redlands, Calif.

In the words of Maws (GRUNNNT! GRUNNNNT!) it was something to sink your teeth into.

Jeff Shilling
Highland Park, N.J.

THINGS WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND

I'll never understand why MAD printed Stan Hart's "Some MAD Things We'll Never Understand".

Jeff Rosen
Chalfont, Pa.

"We'll Never Understand . . ." why guys like me work at rock-bottom starvation wages and then go out and blow their money on MAD.

Phil Huffman
New Hampton, Iowa

SURPRISE TELEVISION COMMERCIALS

I think "Surprise Television Commercials" was outlandishly funny but when they compare detergents they don't bother to use two tee-shirts, they just rip-p-p-p one apart.

Steve Wielgos
East Chicago, Ind.

BACK TO PRESS

Yessiree, here we are . . . back again to press you to buy these full-color portraits of MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman. They're great for framing, wrapping fish or lining small garbage pails. Only 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, $1.65 for 9, $3.15 for 27 or $6.35 for 81. Mail money to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

MAD'S "PUNK ROCK GROUP"

Your article on "MAD's 'Punk Rock Group' Of The Year" was a good piece of news reporting. I've been reading MAD for nine years now and have always thought your magazine was fictional.

Danny Evans
Falls Church, Va.

Thanks, North and Siegel! I find this new brand of "music" an assault on Rock and Roll. Why don't those "Punkers" go back where they came from, mainly, England!

Mike Nilsson
Holbrook, N.Y.

I thought MAD was most admirable, *not* beating around the band! You'll get lambasted for "Johnny Turd And The Commodes", but a Punk piece wouldn't be Punk if you cleaned it up.

Rodney Bublitz
Chicago, Ill.

The Rock star's name was most offensive and not even necessary.

Nancy Cardwell
Wilkesboro, N.C.

I am certainly no prude, but Larry Siegel could easily make his statement without the graphical depiction of filth; actions and words.

Kenneth L. Torgerson
Douglas, Alaska

You can be sure that I will not buy another MAD that contains an article by Larry Siegel.

V. Louise Wisenbaker
Morgantown, Ga.

It was really something to puke over!

Karen Gray
Cedar Falls, Iowa

I agree that Punk Rock groups are like this, but for a family magazine, you should have cleaned it up.

Bruce W. Glover
Sebring, Florida

Thank you for your article, Larry Siegel and Harry North. I'm sick and tired of those weirdos who use noise, grotesqueness and vulgarity as a substitute for musical talent and dare to call themselves Rock. The only complaint I have is that you used Anita Bryant as the interviewer. What she's doing in real life is even worse than what the Punk Rock groups are doing!

Karlene Grier
Antioch, Calif.

INQUIRY FROM DOWN UNDER

I bought issue #196, just recently. You know, it takes a while for MAD to reach Australia. When I came to the end of "He's Company", that effeminate-acting bloke says, "Good Lord! ANITA BRYANT!!" Who's *Anita Bryant?*

David Martin
Manwell, Victoria
Australia

She's some sort of a Gospel slinger!—Ed.

SOME LEGENDARY COMMODES

I ran all the way home from the newsstand because I had a deep-seated urge to read "Legendary Commodes" in familiar surroundings.

Joe McMahon
Hackensack, N.J.

After reading "Some Legendary Commodes", I flushed the issue down the toilet.

Eli Catalan
FLUSHing, N.Y.

Coker's commodes and Porges's potties really bowled me over.

Keith P. Yahraus
Worthington, Ohio

Tell Porges and Coker that Robin Hood only had a "Little John".

Arnold Smith
Scarborough, Ont., Canada

ONE MORNING IN A PRISON TOWER

Don Martin's "One Morning In A Prison Tower" was a real stretch of the imagination!

Zachary Prusak
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Don Martin's "Prison Tower" could be classified as a tall tale!

Matt Lolkema
Lynden, Wash.

MAD'S REAL-LIFE "CATCH-22'S"

Another "Real-Life 'Catch 22' is: You're allowed to stay up as late as you want to watch a movie, but you fall asleep just before it starts!

Mike Duarte
Flushing, N.Y.

WHAT HAPPENED?

The Silverstone dominant gimmick in "What Happened?", tracing the black image through ethnic projections from early TV Guides listings to today, is positively inspired! Artist Angelo Torres made an equally vigorous statement of the black stars' farcical roles on TV which can only be regarded as blacksliding.

Alma Leah Noll
San Jose, Calif.

Lou Silverstone's well-conceived chronology of black stars' characterizations, since their break-through in TV shows to their current enforced ignominious portrayals, sadly shows how they've made the grade; the *retrograde!*

Lars Ruhlmann
Gary, Indiana

ONE NIGHT IN THE CITY

While I normally like Al Jaffee, for some reason his "One Night In The City" really bugged me!

Kate Notman
Westmoreland, N.H.

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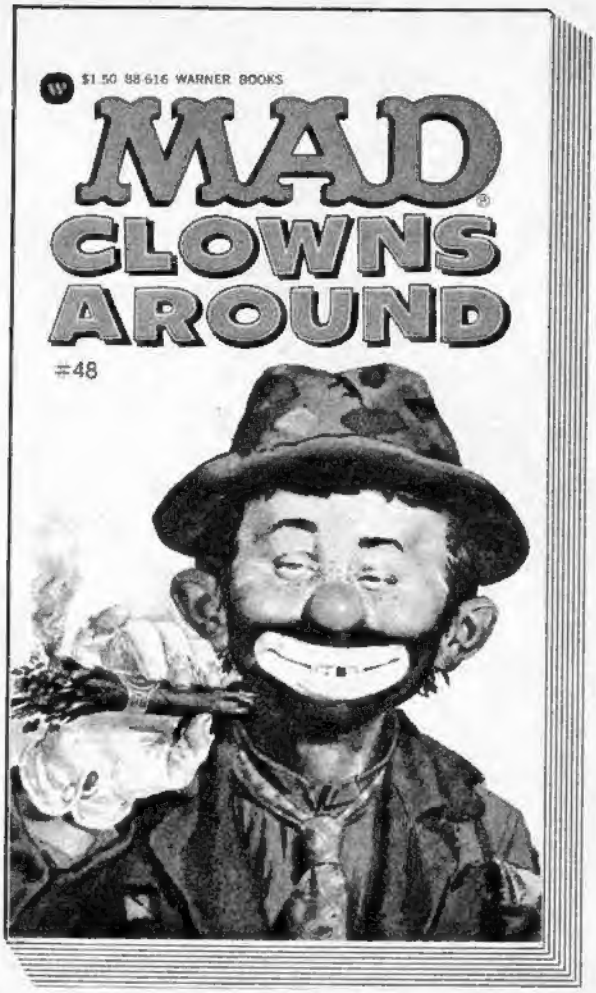

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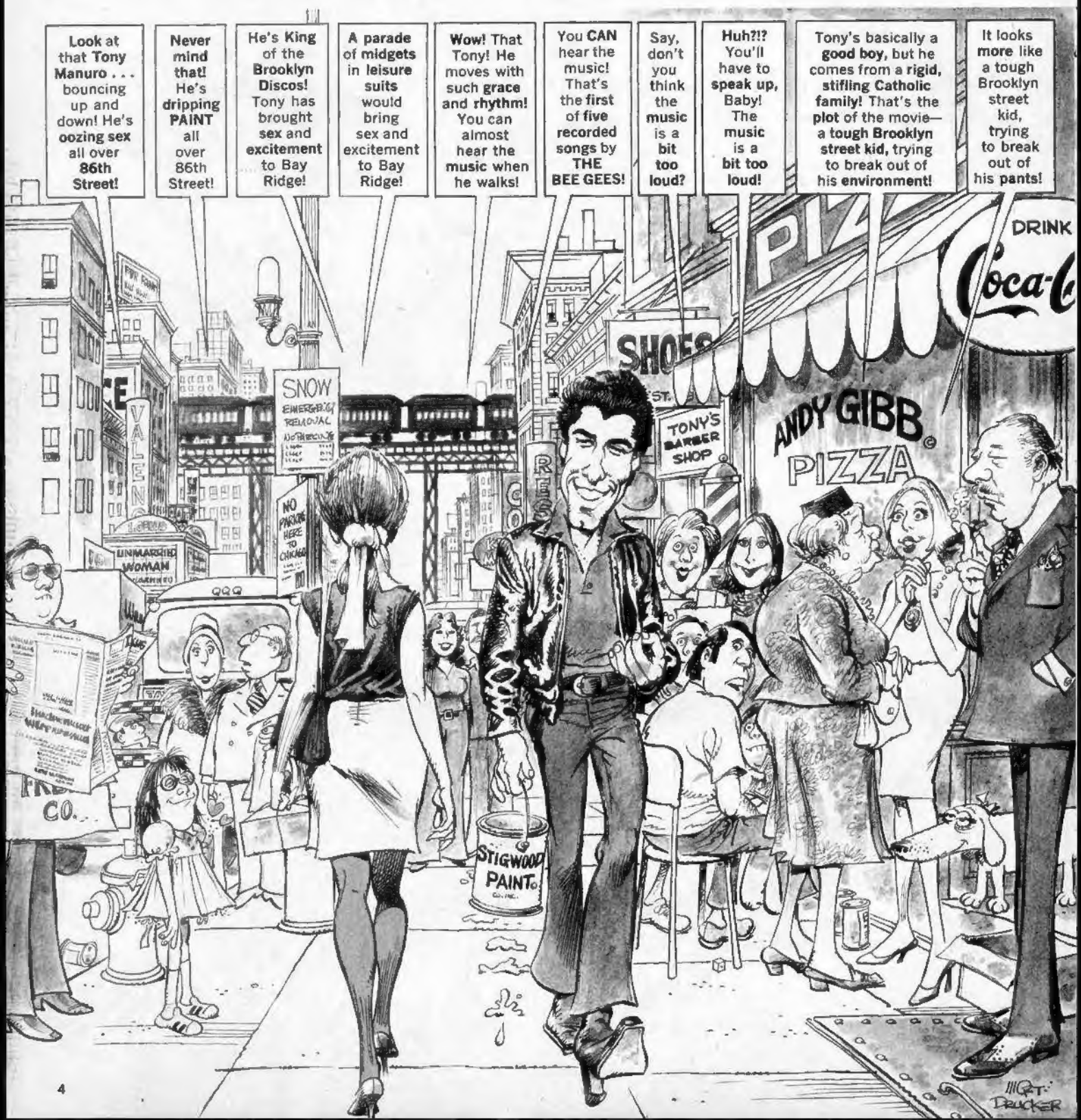
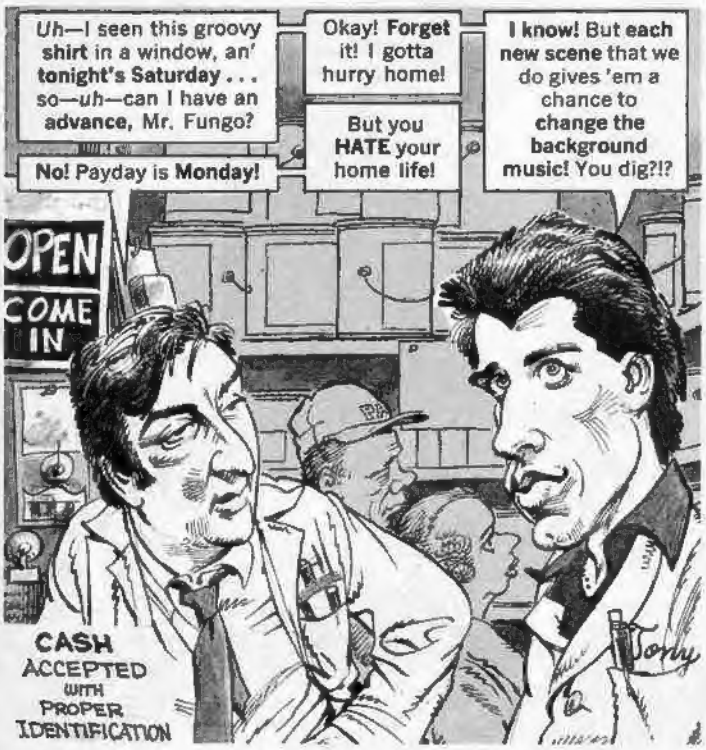
HIGH TRAVOLTAGE DEPT.

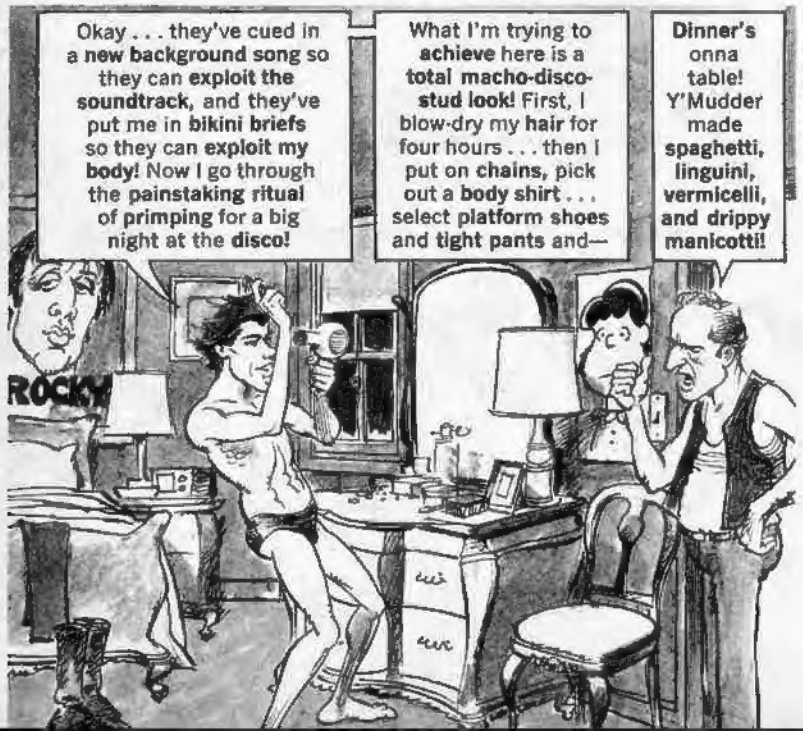
Combine a dynamic young TV star with the soundtrack of a hot, exploitable singing group and some "R"-rated dialogue, insure it with some sub-plots from other hit films like "Rocky," "American Graffiti," "West Side Story," "Mean Streets," and "Beach Blanket Bingo"... and you've got the formula for one of the biggest block-buster movies of the year, right? Wrong! Because the best "hustle" may not be the one they're dancing up on the screen, but the one foisted on us by the producers—for making millions on a film that does have spectacular choreography... but not much else! Yep, as far as we at MAD are concerned, you wasted your money on . . .



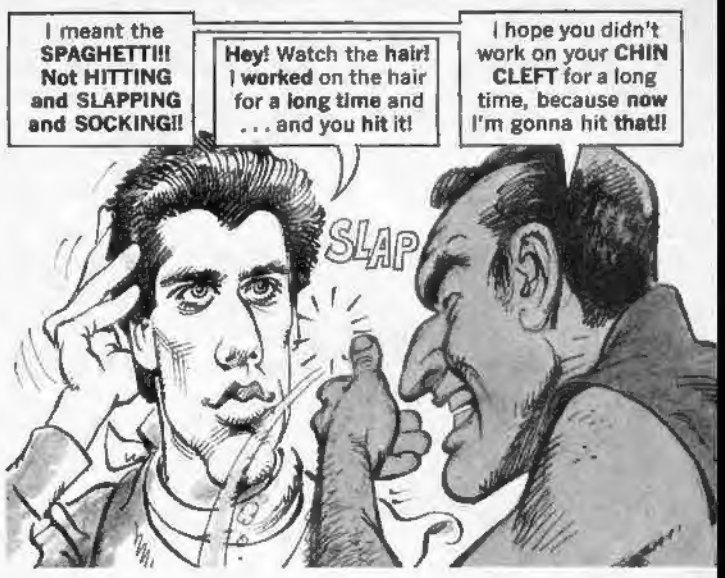
SATURDAY NIGHT FEEBLE



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



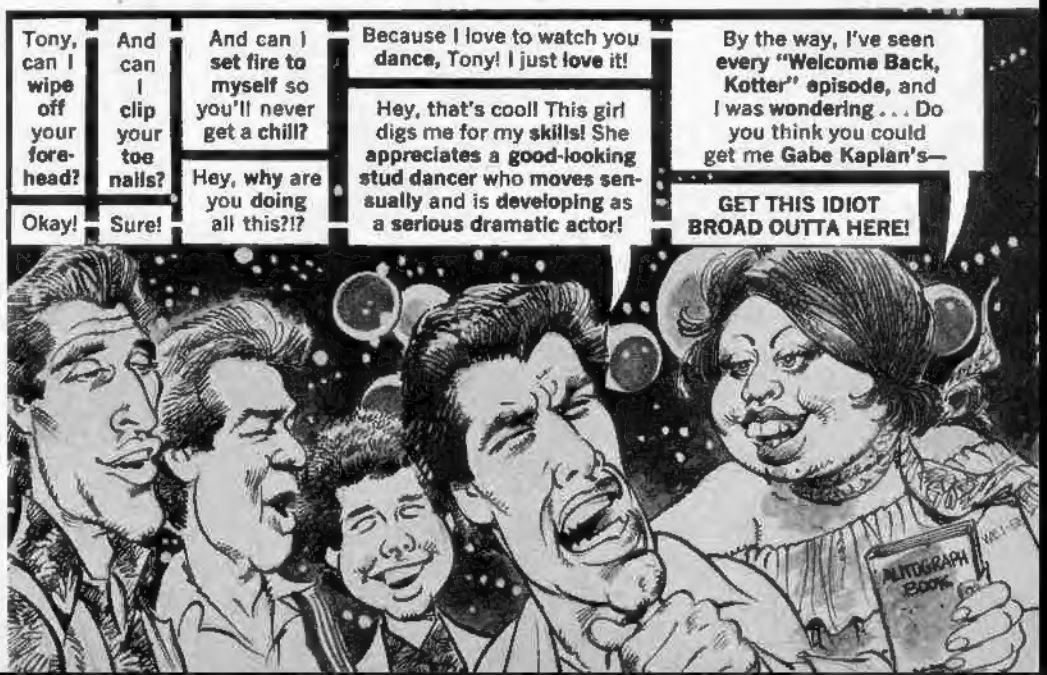
WHACK!
WAM!
SLAP!
SOCK!
BAM!


I meant the SPAGHETTI!! Not HITTING and SLAPPING and SOCKING!!
Hey! Watch the hair! I worked on the hair for a long time and . . . and you hit it!
I hope you didn't work on your CHIN CLEFT for a long time, because now I'm gonna hit that!!
SLAP

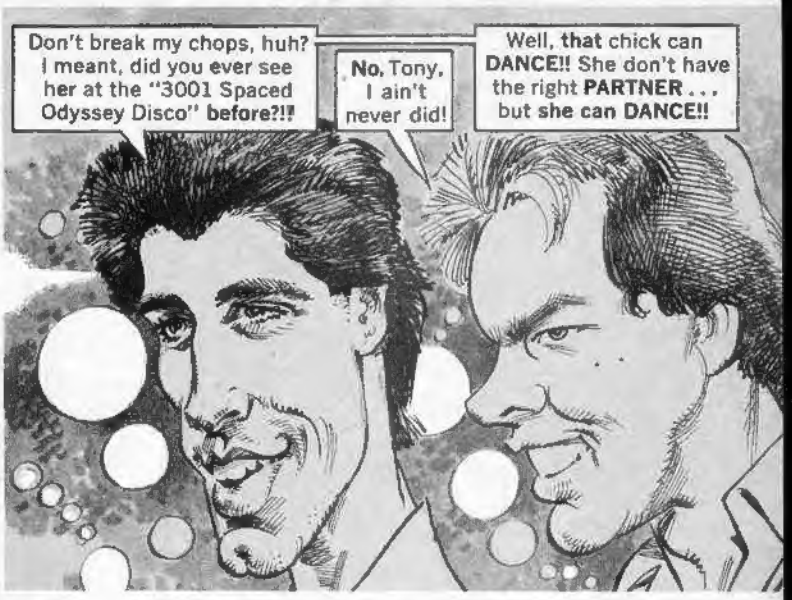
THIS is what it's all about! This is what Tony waits for all week long!
You mean . . . to dance?!?
No . . . to make an ENTRANCE!
There they go . . . the musical "Dead End Kids". . . !
Notice how macho they look!
Notice how cool they walk!
Notice how they slipped in without paying!!
TICKETS $1

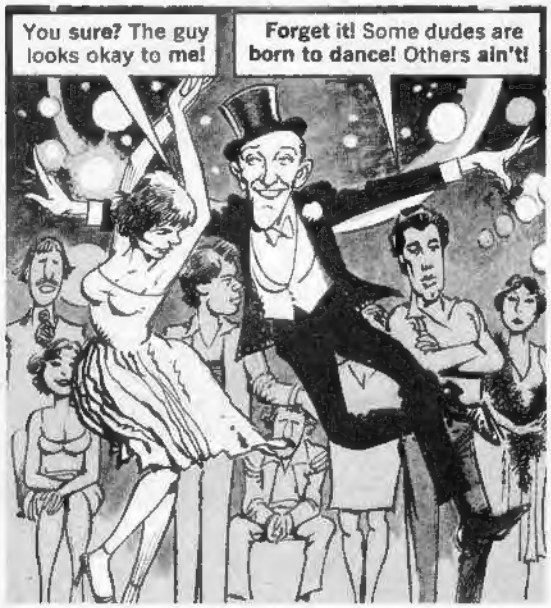
Hi, Tony! Would yuh care to dance with me?
With YOU, Annutt?! Are you kidding?!
Okay, then . . . would you care to go to bed with me?!?
Forget it! C'mon! Let's dance!
Oh . . . ? How come?
At least when I dance with you . . . I don't giggle!

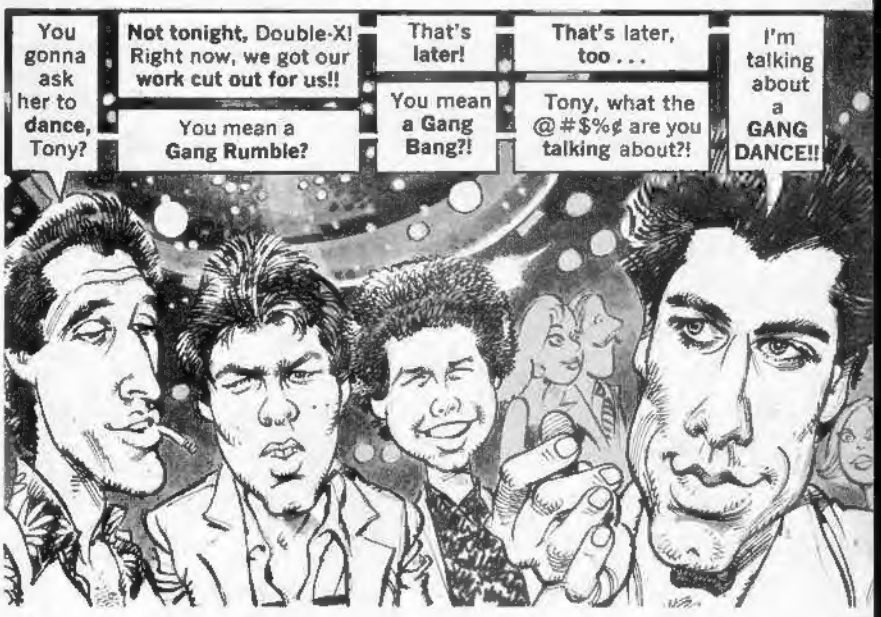
Why do you hate me, Tony?
I don't hate you! I just ain't got no respect for a girl who makes it with the entire Fort Hamilton Army base in one evening!
So kill me because ONE evening, I lost control!

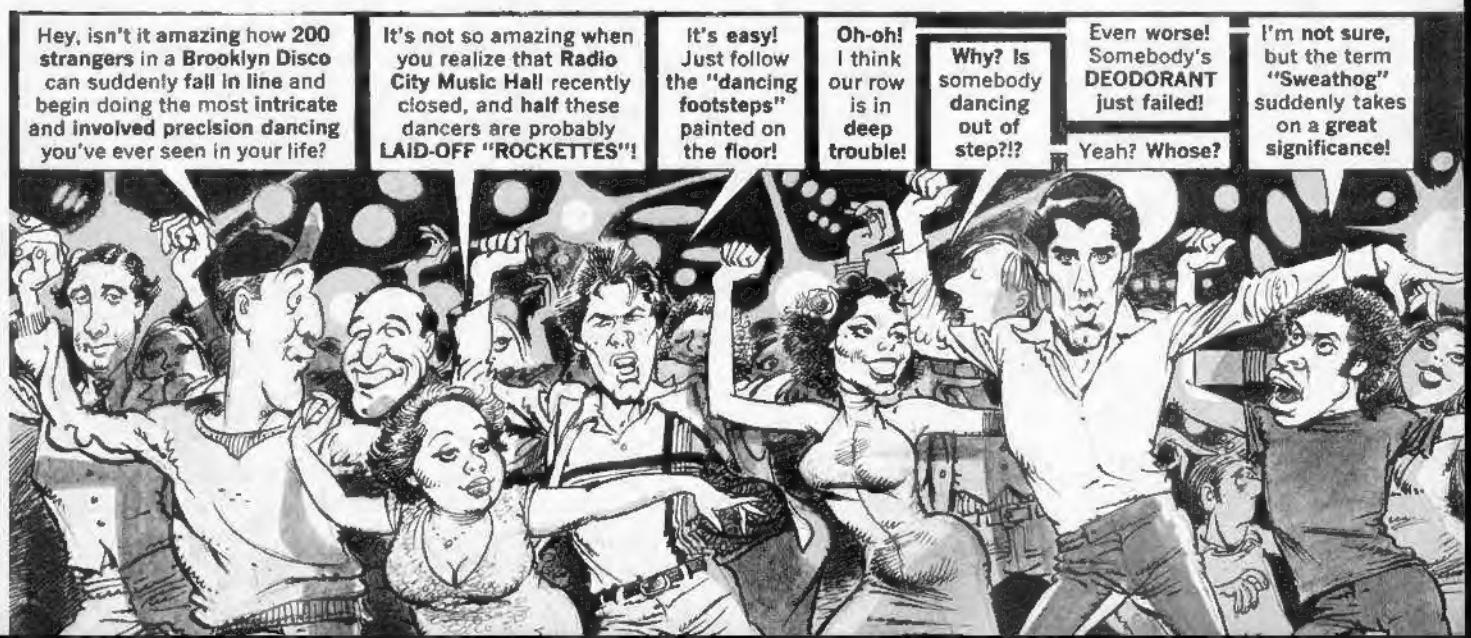

Tony, can I wipe off your forehead?
Okay!
And can I clip your toe nails?
Sure!
And can I set fire to myself so you'll never get a chill?
Hey, why are you doing all this?!?
Because I love to watch you dance, Tony! I just love it!
Hey, that's cool! This girl digs me for my skills! She appreciates a good-looking stud dancer who moves sensually and is developing as a serious dramatic actor!
By the way, I've seen every "Welcome Back, Kotter" episode, and I was wondering . . . Do you think you could get me Gabe Kaplan's—
GET THIS IDIOT BROAD OUTTA HERE!
AUTOGRAPH BOOK

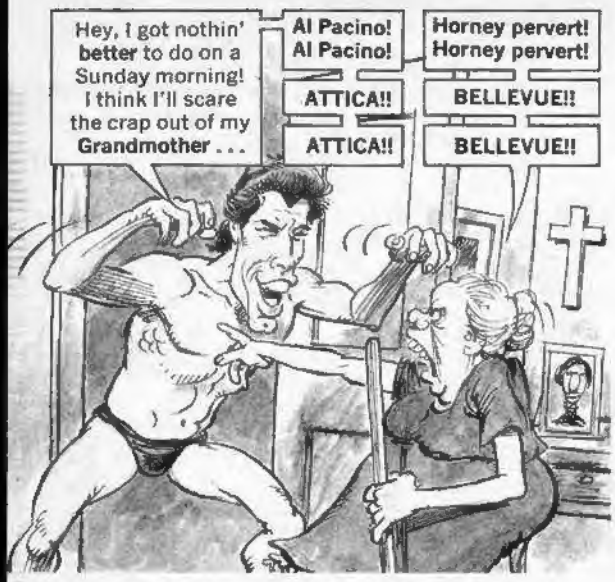
Hey, Double-X! You see that girl over there? That one . . . ?
Yeah . . . ?
Is she NEW?
Nahhh! She looks to be about twen'y-two or twen'y t'ree!

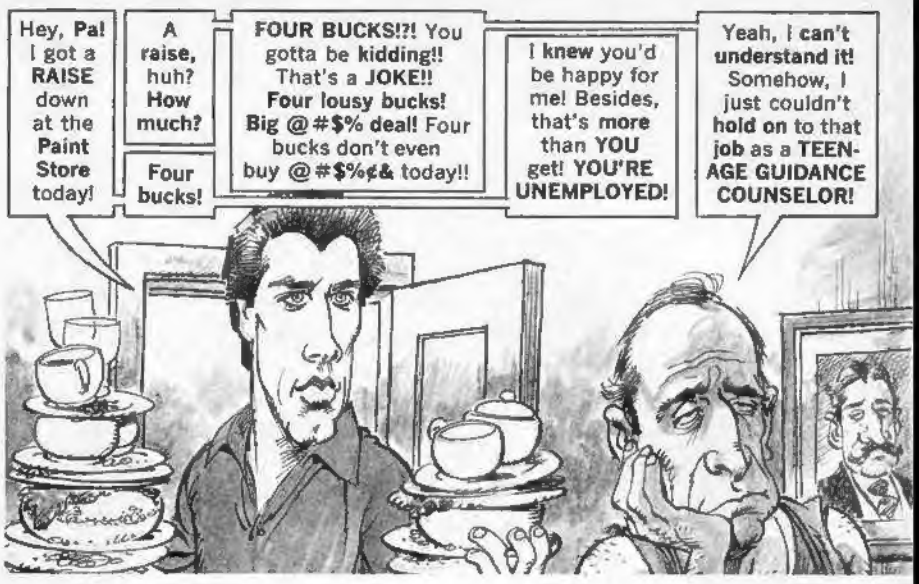

Don't break my chops, huh? I meant, did you ever see her at the "3001 Spaced Odyssey Disco" before?!!
No, Tony, I ain't never did!
Well, that chick can DANCE!! She don't have the right PARTNER . . . but she can DANCE!!


You sure? The guy looks okay to me!
Forget it! Some dudes are born to dance! Others ain't!


You gonna ask her to dance, Tony?
Not tonight, Double-X! Right now, we got our work cut out for us!!
You mean a Gang Rumble?
That's later!
You mean a Gang Bang?!
That's later, too . . .
Tony, what the @#$%¢ are you talking about?!
I'm talking about a GANG DANCE!!

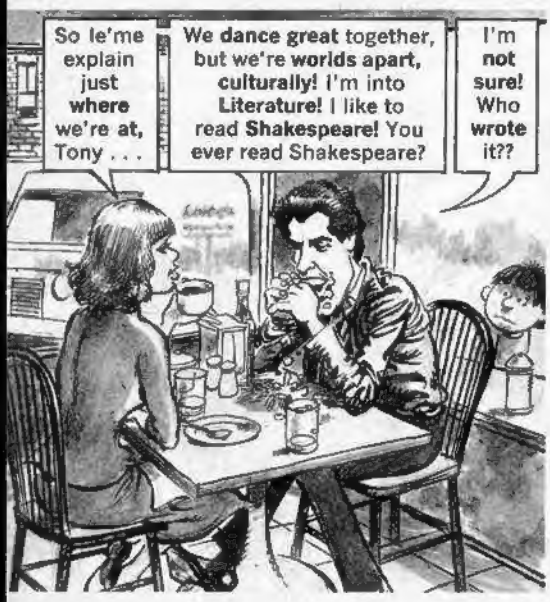

Hey, isn't it amazing how 200 strangers in a Brooklyn Disco can suddenly fall in line and begin doing the most intricate and involved precision dancing you've ever seen in your life?
It's not so amazing when you realize that Radio City Music Hall recently closed, and half these dancers are probably LAID-OFF "ROCKETTES"!
It's easy! Just follow the "dancing footsteps" painted on the floor!
Oh-oh! I think our row is in deep trouble!
Why? Is somebody dancing out of step?!?
Even worse! Somebody's DEODORANT just failed!
Yeah? Whose?
I'm not sure, but the term "Sweathog" suddenly takes on a great significance!


Hey, I got nothin' better to do on a Sunday morning! I think I'll scare the crap out of my Grandmother . . .
Al Pacino! Al Pacino!
ATTICA!!
ATTICA!!
Horney pervert! Horney pervert!
BELLEVUE!!
BELLEVUE!!


Hey, Pa! I got a RAISE down at the Paint Store today!
A raise, huh? How much?
Four bucks!
FOUR BUCKS!?! You gotta be kidding!! That's a JOKE!! Four lousy bucks! Big @#$% deal! Four bucks don't even buy @#$%¢& today!!
I knew you'd be happy for me! Besides, that's more than YOU get! YOU'RE UNEMPLOYED!
Yeah, I can't understand it! Somehow, I just couldn't hold on to that job as a TEEN-AGE GUIDANCE COUNSELOR!

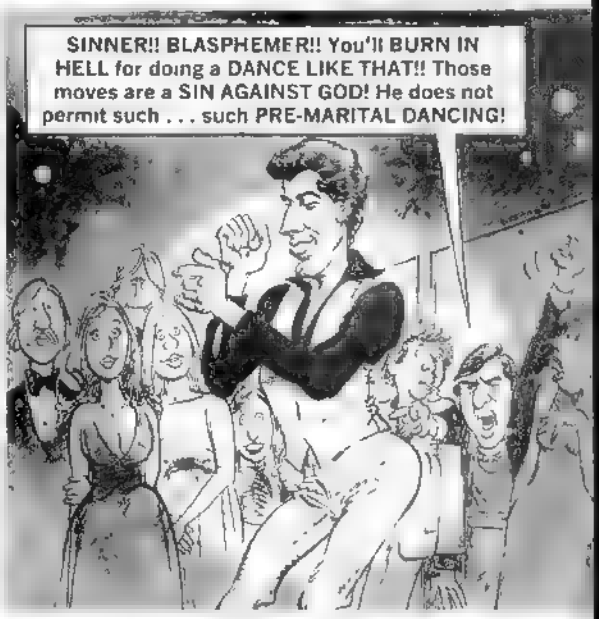
Uh—Hi! I'd like t' meet you! My name is Tony Manuro! I'm a great dancer, an' I'm just growin' out of Punkdom!
I'm Stepfunny Mandingy! I'm a social-climbing Secretary who don't care for no guys who come on too strong with chicks! You dig?
We'd be dynamite together! There's a contest at the "3001" next week! You wanna enter as my partner?!?
Sure! As long as it ain't a Diction Contest, we stand a chance!

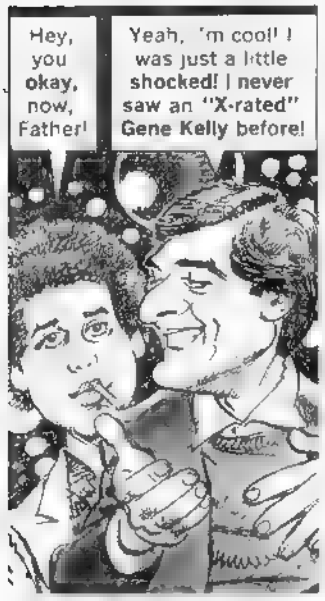
What's goin' on here? Everyone looks like a ZOMBIE!
I got bad news . . . and worse news! First . . . the bad news! Your brother, the Priest, has left the Church!!
And the worse news . . . ?!?
That makes YOU the star of the family!!


So le'me explain just where we're at, Tony . . .
We dance great together, but we're worlds apart, culturally! I'm into Literature! I like to read Shakespeare! You ever read Shakespeare?
I'm not sure! Who wrote it??

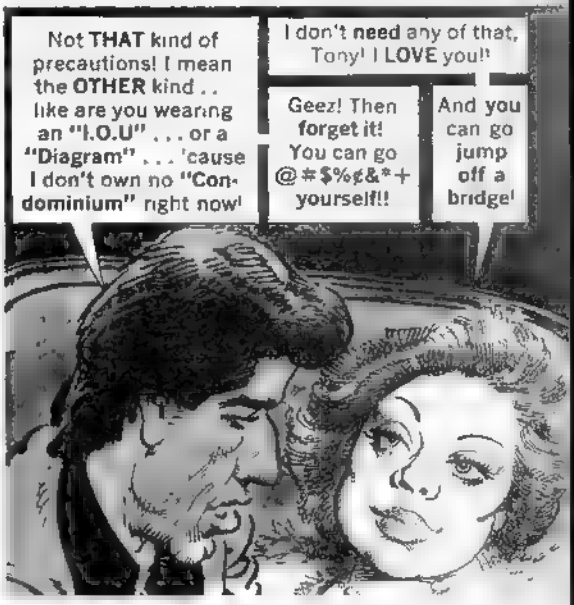
I'm a growing person, and you're not! Sir Lawrence Olivier said I should get out of Brooklyn—
Sir . . . WHO?!?
SIR LAWRENCE OLIVIER? The English actor! He dropped by the office! And last week, I met MC LEAN STEVENSON!
And yesterday, I had tea with FATS DOMINO! And the day before, I met ANDY WORHOL! And tomorrow, I'm meeting—
You got a problem Stepfunny! You know what your problem is? You like to NAME-DROP!
No, I don't! You know who stopped by the office and told me I don't have that problem? DR. JOYCE BROTHERS!!

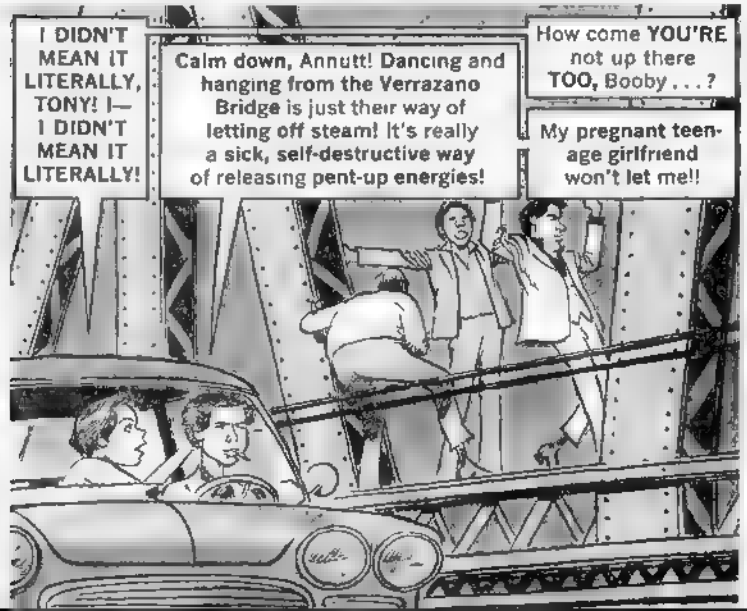
Well, how do you like the "3001 Disco," Father . . ?
Something else, ain't it, Father?
Please fellas! Don't call me "Father"! Call me Crank! Y'see, I've left the Church, and now I'm a regular dude . . a swinging single who's here to make the scene and groove on all the action!
Hey, that's crazy, Man! By the way . . have you ever seen your Brother dance?
No . . . I haven't!
Take a look . . .

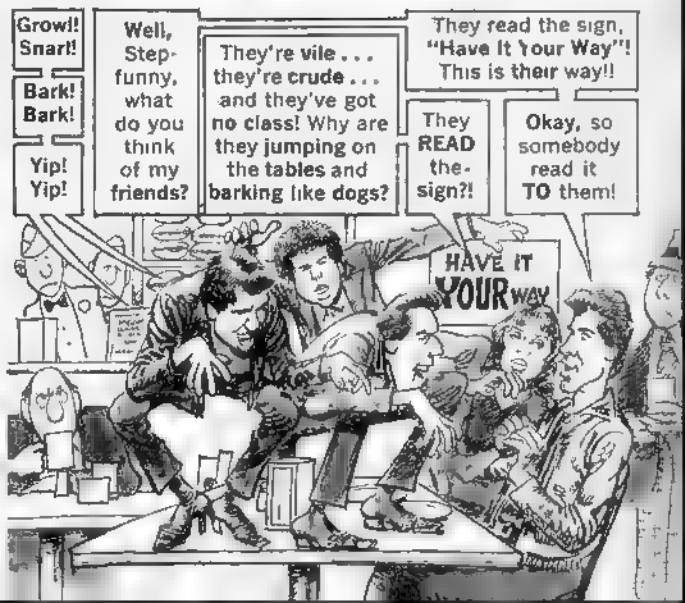

SINNER!! BLASPHEMER!! You'll BURN IN HELL for doing a DANCE LIKE THAT!! Those moves are a SIN AGAINST GOD! He does not permit such . . . such PRE-MARITAL DANCING!


Hey, you okay, now, Father!
Yeah, I'm cool! I was just a little shocked! I never saw an "X-rated" Gene Kelly before!

Gee, Tony, I finally got you to MAKE IT with me!!
Not so quick, Annutt! Did you take . . "precautions"?
Yeah! I hung a big "Do Not Disturb" sign on the windshield wiper!


Not THAT kind of precautions! I mean the OTHER kind . . like are you wearing an "I.O.U" . . . or a "Diagram" . . . 'cause I don't own no "Condominium" right now!
I don't need any of that, Tony! I LOVE you!!
Geez! Then forget it! You can go @#$%¢&*+ yourself!!
And you can go jump off a bridge!


I DIDN'T MEAN IT LITERALLY, TONY! I— I DIDN'T MEAN IT LITERALLY!
Calm down, Annutt! Dancing and hanging from the Verrazano Bridge is just their way of letting off steam! It's really a sick, self-destructive way of releasing pent-up energies!
How come YOU'RE not up there TOO, Booby . . . ?
My pregnant teenage girlfriend won't let me!!


Growl! Snarl!
Bark! Bark!
Yip! Yip!
Well, Step-funny, what do you think of my friends?
They're vile . . . they're crude . . . and they've got no class! Why are they jumping on the tables and barking like dogs?
They read the sign, "Have It Your Way"! This is their way!!
They READ the-sign?!
Okay, so somebody read it TO them!
HAVE IT YOUR WAY

Tony, don't you feel limited . . . running around with a bunch of weird, nutsy guys who speak bad English and have bad manners?

Not in a major motion picture! But I don't think I could ever do a TV SERIES with creeps like that!

Taking this day off got me fired, y' know!

I appreciate your helping me move, Tony!

Now that you're moving to your own place in Manhattan, I'll bet you're gonna make it with a lot of ad agency guys and have a lot of sex orgies, huh, Stepfunny?

Wrong!! I'm just gonna continue to become cultured . . . and expand my mind! Why do you think I'm planning to have sex?

Well . . . I don't see no BOOKS strapped on the top of the car!

NEW YORK

Okay—sob—so you found out I've been having sex with ONE GUY! Big deal!!

Listen, Tony, I've had a very emotional day. I'm nervous . . . I'm irritable . . . I'm sick of your jealousy . . . I'm sick of your whining . . . and I'm sick of seeing BRIDGES!!! This is the THIRD BRIDGE SCENE!! Please . . . no more BRIDGES!!

Okay! Okay!! I'm not sore Take it easy! Le'me take you to a spot where you can calm down . . . and relax!!

BROOKLYN

This is it . . .

Thanks, Tony! You sure are sensitive to a woman's needs!!

I like to come here, relax, meditate, and quote statistics that nobody cares about! Like do you know that the bridge towers go up 690 feet! The center span is 4,260 feet long! 49 million cars cross it a year! It's got over six million tons of steel in it! The whole thing was built with a #4 Gilbert Erector Set! And 30 million people have dozed off during this exciting scene . .

ZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

Make that 30 million and ONE!

Geez . . these Barracudas are a tough bunch!

Barracudas?!? Aren't these "The Sharks"?

Are you crazy? "The Sharks" is the name of the gang taken directly from "West Side Story"!

So is THIS SCENE!

Hmm! Come to think of it, there ARE similarities! Like a WHITE gang vs. a PUERTO RICAN! And the name of the lead character is "Tony"!

Gee! What else??

I dunno, but I'm getting pummelled! Let's DANCE our way out of here, and figure it out!

Hey . . . where was you?

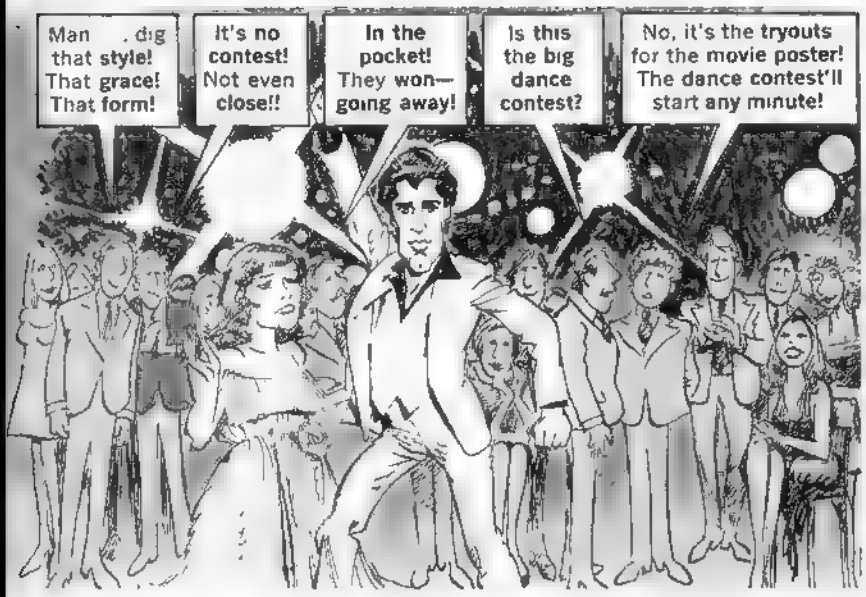
Yeah, to chicken out of a fight!!

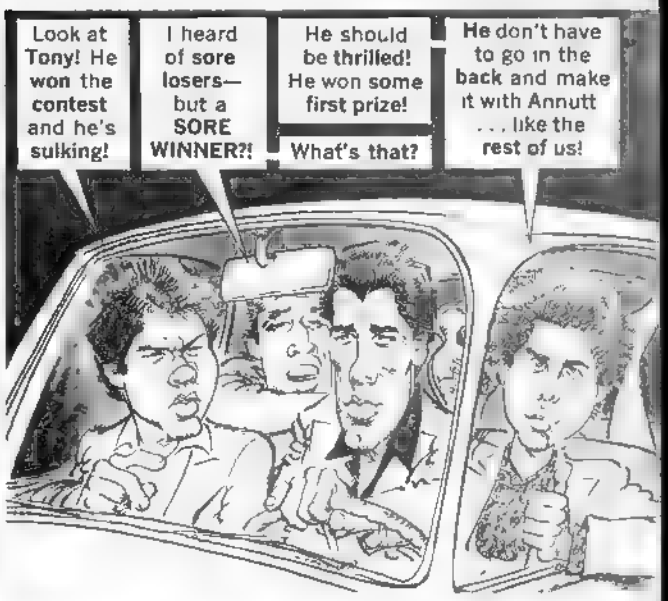
You're not gonna believe this, but I HADDA get out of that scene! I—I had this URGE—

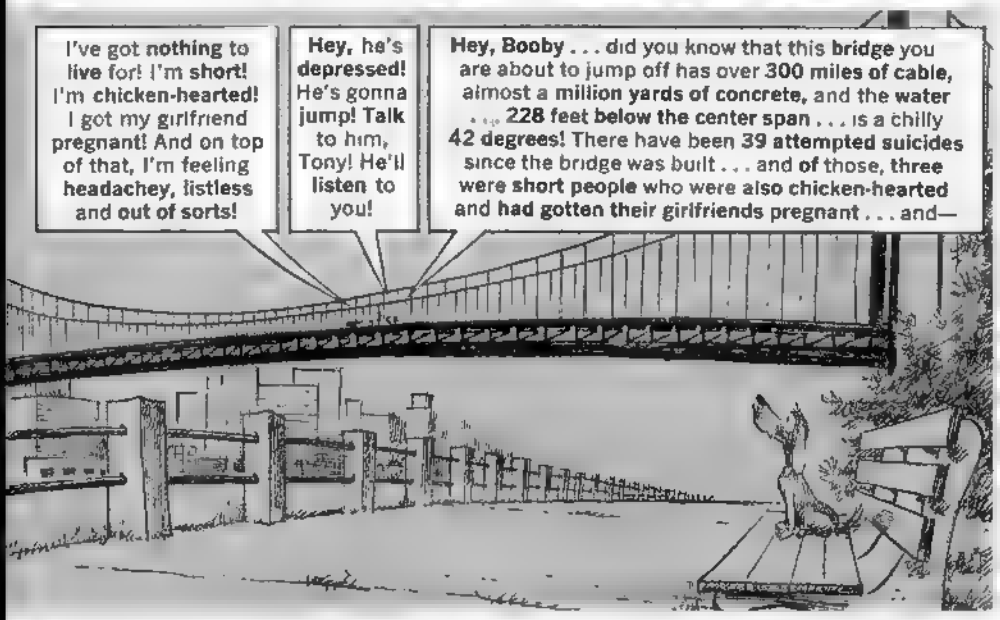
No . . . to stand on some fire escape and sing to Natalie Wood!

BKLY

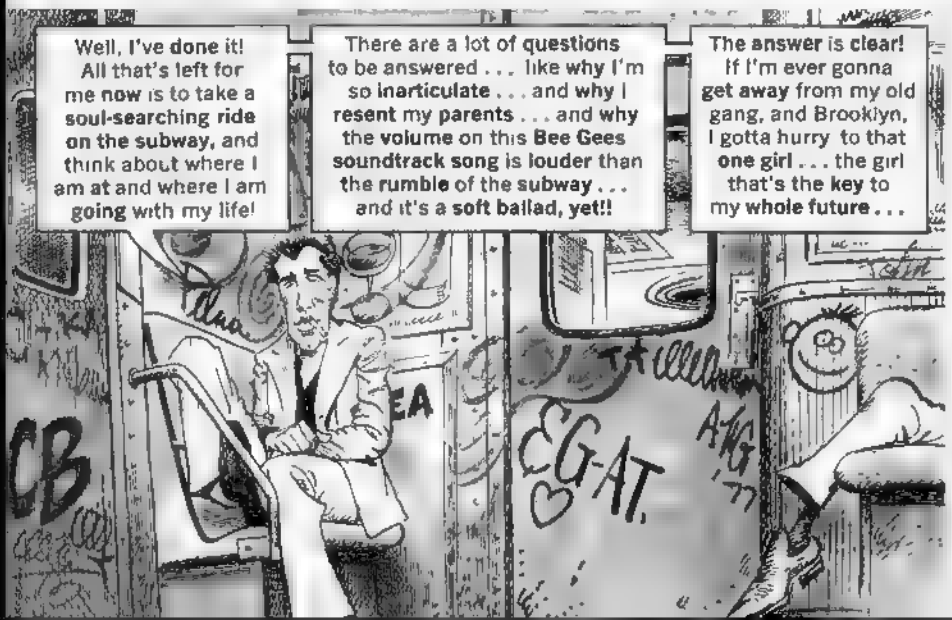
ASSISTANT NEEDED

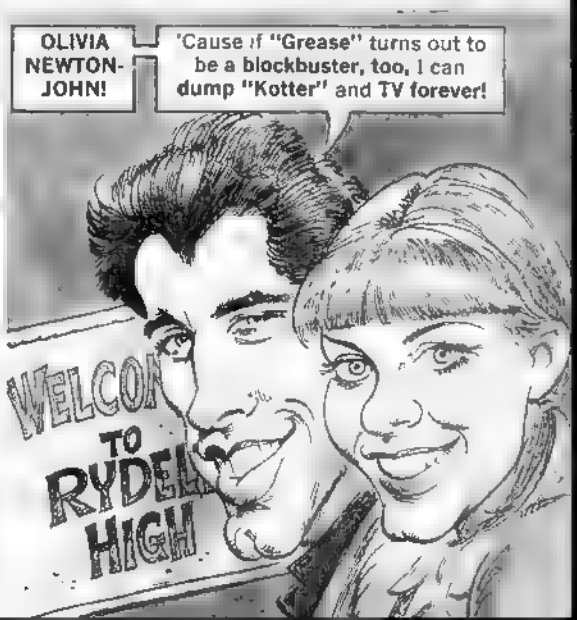

Man . dig that style! That grace! That form!
It's no contest! Not even close!!
In the pocket! They won—going away!
Is this the big dance contest?
No, it's the tryouts for the movie poster! The dance contest'll start any minute!


Look at Tony! He won the contest and he's sulking!
I heard of sore losers—but a SORE WINNER?!
He should be thrilled! He won some first prize!
What's that?
He don't have to go in the back and make it with Annutt . . . like the rest of us!


I've got nothing to live for! I'm short! I'm chicken-hearted! I got my girlfriend pregnant! And on top of that, I'm feeling headachey, listless and out of sorts!
Hey, he's depressed! He's gonna jump! Talk to him, Tony! He'll listen to you!
Hey, Booby . . . did you know that this bridge you are about to jump off has over 300 miles of cable, almost a million yards of concrete, and the water . . . 228 feet below the center span . . . is a chilly 42 degrees! There have been 39 attempted suicides since the bridge was built . . . and of those, three were short people who were also chicken-hearted and had gotten their girlfriends pregnant . . . and—

YAAAAIIII!


Well, I've done it! All that's left for me now is to take a soul-searching ride on the subway, and think about where I am at and where I am going with my life!
There are a lot of questions to be answered . . . like why I'm so inarticulate . . . and why I resent my parents . . . and why the volume on this Bee Gees soundtrack song is louder than the rumble of the subway . . . and it's a soft ballad, yet!!
The answer is clear! If I'm ever gonna get away from my old gang, and Brooklyn, I gotta hurry to that one girl . . . the girl that's the key to my whole future . . .


OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN!
'Cause if "Grease" turns out to be a blockbuster, too, I can dump "Kotter" and TV forever!
WELCOME TO RYDELL HIGH

THE BRANDWRITING IS ON THE WALL DEPT.

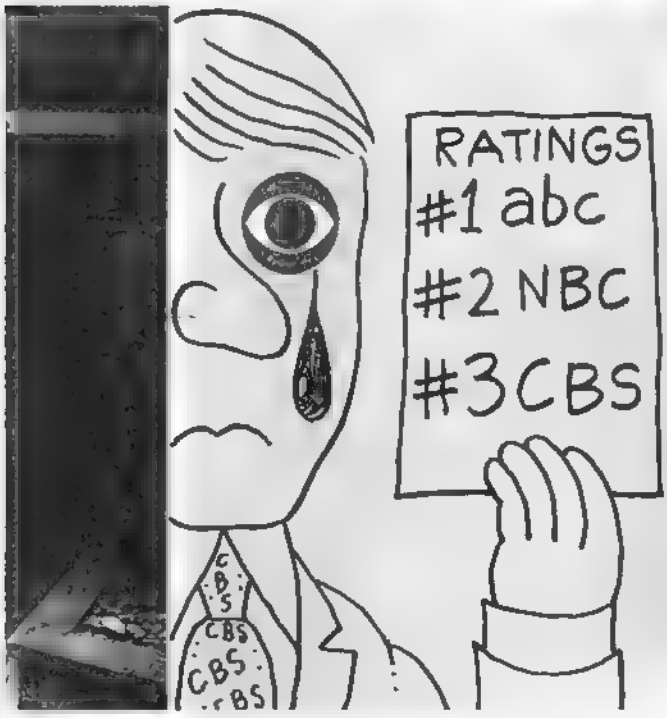
Spray cans and magic markers are changing the face of America. Every day, new bits of irreverence are added to trains, buses, buildings and any other available public surface. Back in MAD #169, we shuddered to think of what might happen if those Graffiti Rascals ever started attacking that

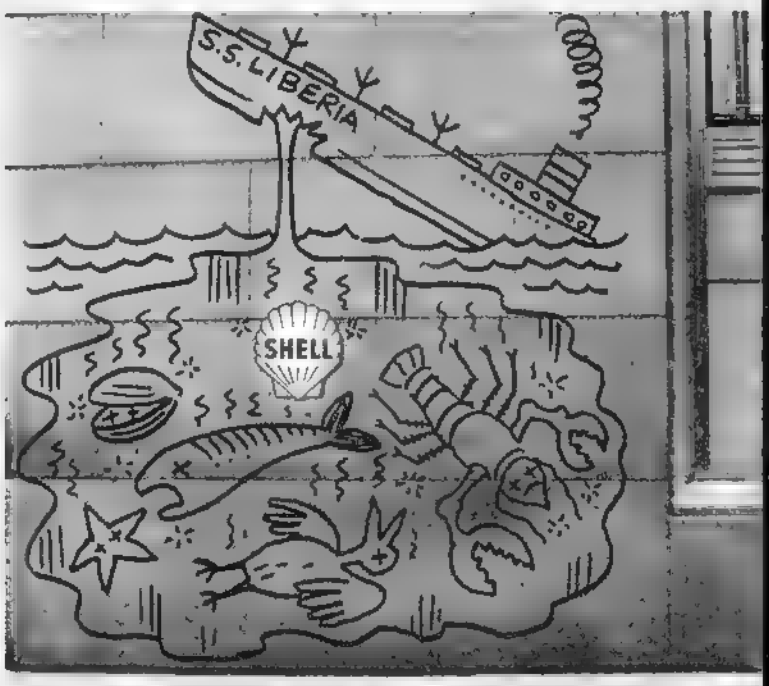
TRADEMAR

holy of holies, the Corporate Signature, with verbal comments. Now, we're back with the work of one special Graffiti Rascal . . . namely, Al Jaffee . . . and his attacks on some Corporate Signatures in his own inimitable style of *visual* comments. So here we go with a MAD Artist's contribution to

K GRAFFITI

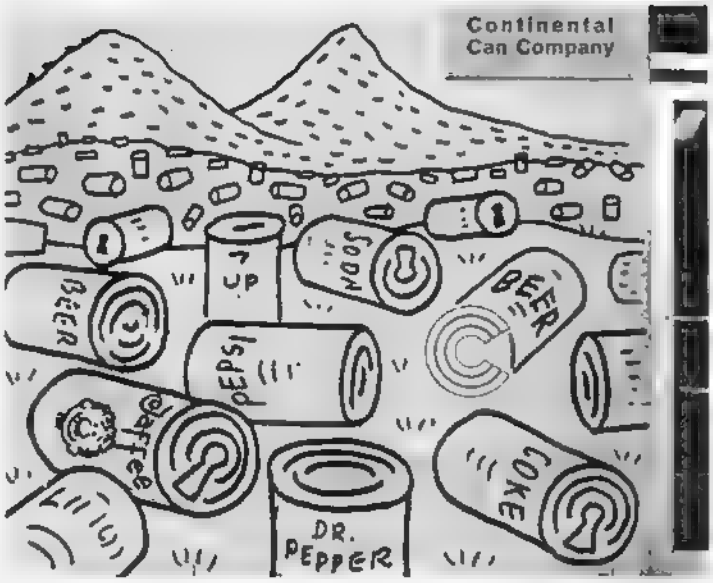
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

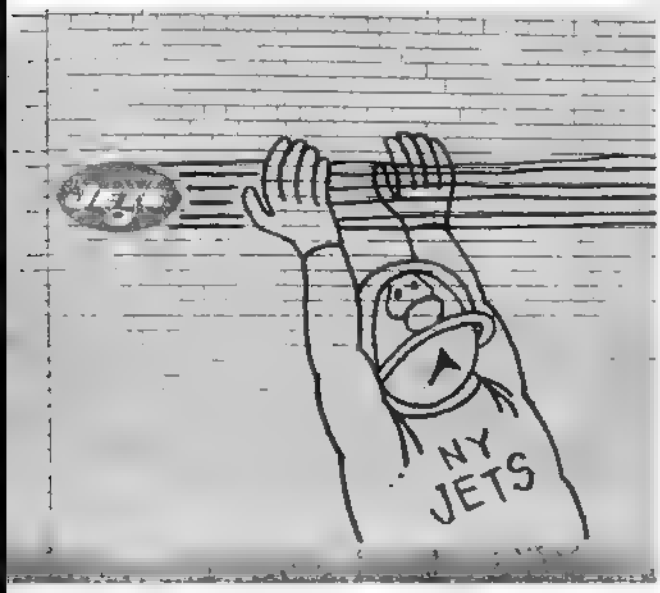


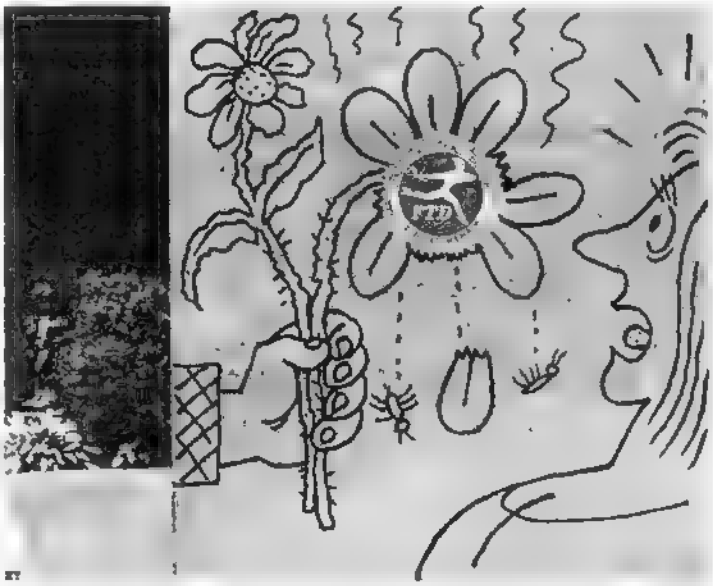


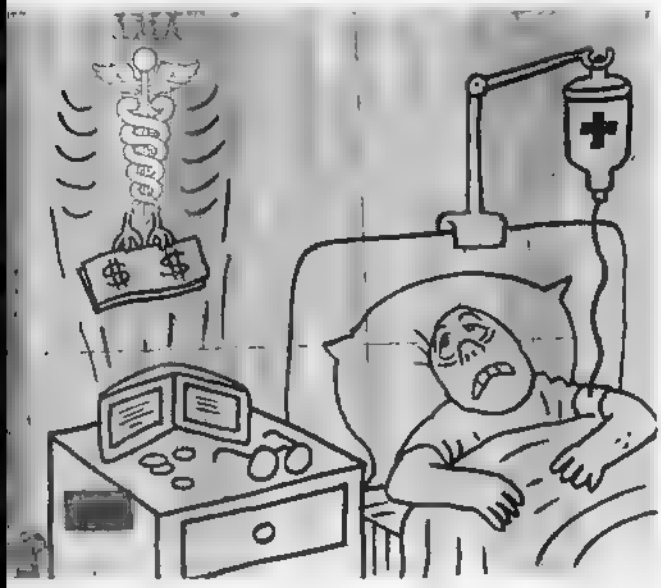
PHOTOS BY: JIM RUTH

DINK!
NEW BULB


Continental Can Company
BEER
UP
SODA
BEER
PEPSI
COKE
DR. PEPPER


NY JETS

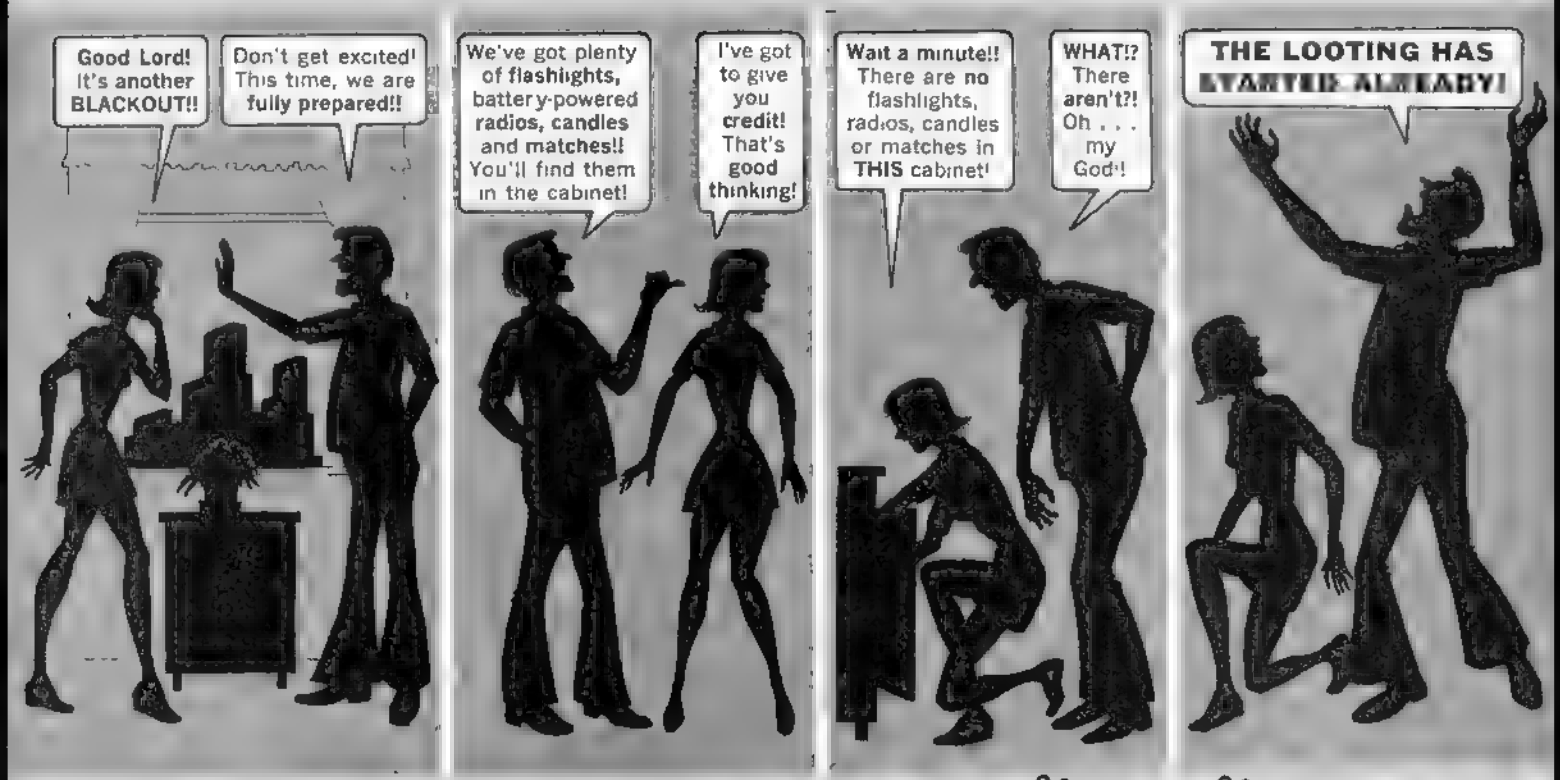




Rx DIET-
NO JUNK
FOOD!
ESPECIALLY
NO POTATO
CHIPS!!

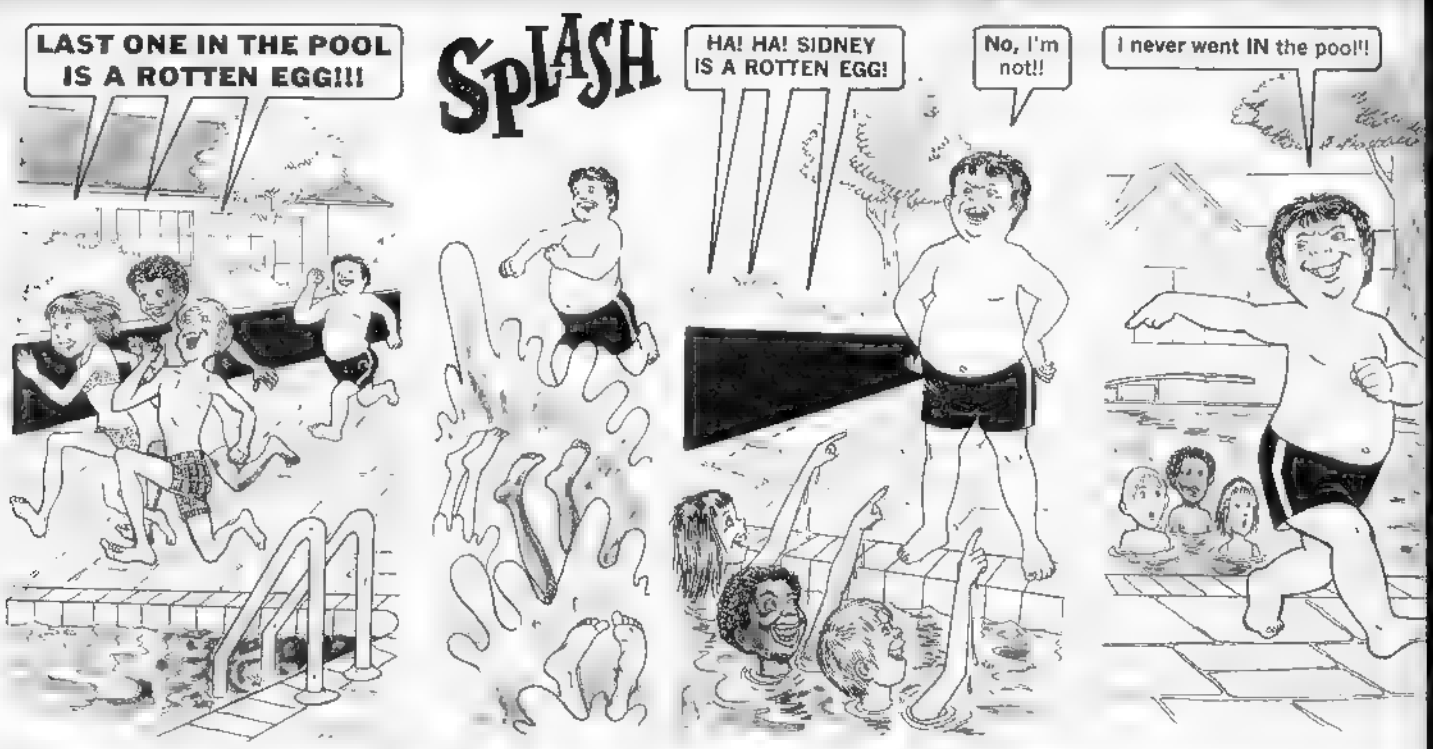
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE FRIDAY MORNING



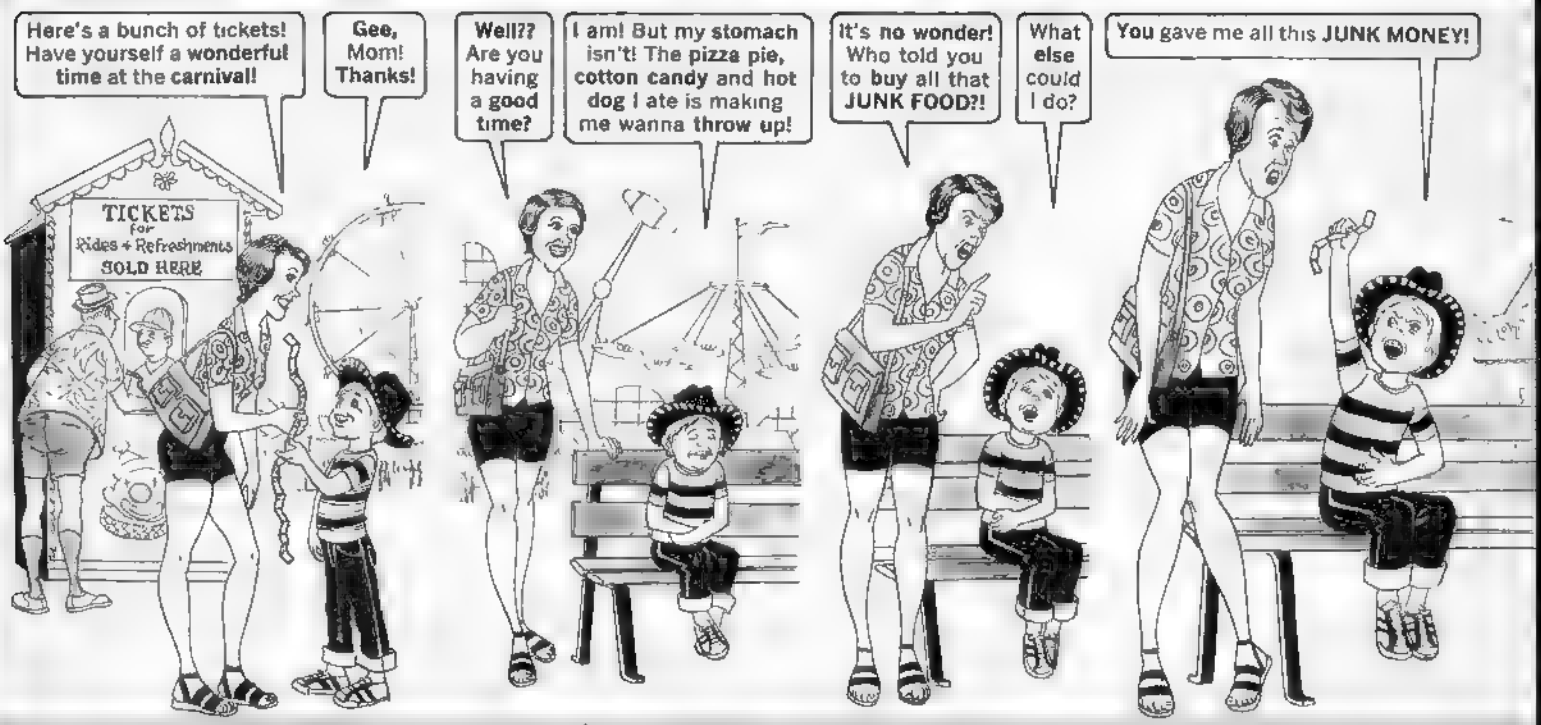
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... SUMMER



PROBLEMS

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVID BERG



You're not keeping your left arm stiff on your back swing! And keep your head down . . .!!
8
And you're not following through! FOLLOW THROUGH!
See! You're not listening to me, and now you've landed right in a sand trap!
There sure are an awful lot of traps in this golf course . . .
. . . and just for a change, I WISH YOU'D KEEP YOURS SHUT!
OWWW! This Jacuzzi is HOT!!
I'm being boiled alive! I feel like a live lobster!!
How can the human body STAND such agony!?!
Idiot! If you can't take the heat, get out of the Jacuzzi!
At $60 a day, I'm gonna use every facility in this Health Spa, even if it KILLS me!!
It's so darn hot, and you're sitting there with a ROBE on! Why don't you go in the water and cool off?!?
I can't! I never learned to swim! I'm terrified of the beach!
Gee, what's to be afraid of at the beach?!
When I was young and impressionable, I had a horrifying experience! Ever since then, I've had this—phobia—about the beach!
You mean you nearly drowned?!?
Worse than that!!
The first time I put on a bathing suit, everybody LAUGHED!!

Harold, you get out of that boat this instant!

Why, Mom?

Can't you see the red flag on the Yacht Club mast?! That's the "Small Craft Warning"! Get out of that boat before you're swamped . . . or overturn . . . or—

Mildred, dear, I know you tend to be over-protective, but don't you think you're carrying it a bit too far?!

That's the trouble with these resort hotels! There is nothing to do but sit around and eat!

I got plenty to do! I met this groovy chick! So—can I have the car tonight?

I'm talking about my weight . . . and all YOU care about is cars and girls! I'm ashamed to tell you how much I've gained!!

Aw, c'mon, Ma! I'm not interested in your weight! I need wheels tonight!!

I'll give you the car if you can guess—within three pounds—how much I weigh!

I—I'd say . . . Ninety-eight pounds!

NINETY-EIGHT?!? That's close enough! Here . . .!

@#$%¢&! Blast this stinking lousy rotten outboard motor! It WON'T START again!

SS ROGER

KAPUTNICK

I've HAD IT with this piece of junk! I'm DUMPING IT!!

SPLASH

ROARRR

There's a heat wave outside! Nothing is going to get me out of this delightfully air-conditioned house, and into the blazing sun! Nothing!!
No, sir! My mother didn't raise any stupid children—any weak little baby boys! My will is CAST IRON!!
However, there MAY be some circumstances that supercede inheritance and upbringing!
I—gasp—I'll have a pack of cigarettes for my Mother's stupid, weak little baby boy!
DON'T TOUCH ME!!!
I fell asleep while I was sunbathing today, and got burned to a crisp! My skin is so sensitive, I can't stand the slightest contact with anything!!
Gee, what a shame! And here, I bought you this pearl necklace, which I was just about to put around your neck . . .!
TOUCH ME!!
Brrrrrrr This water is cold!
So go in slowly until you get used to it!!
SPLASH
OHHH! OHHH! It's FREEZING!
I TOLD you to go in slowly!!
I CAN'T DIVE any slower than that!!
David Berg

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON

AS THE UNDERWORLD TURNS DEPT.

This next article deals with the incredible growth of Crime in our country. We had originally planned to present an incisive, objective introduction to this story . . . but unfortunately, our "Introduction Writer" was mugged on the way to the office. So lacking it, here's

A MAD LOOK AT THE CHAN

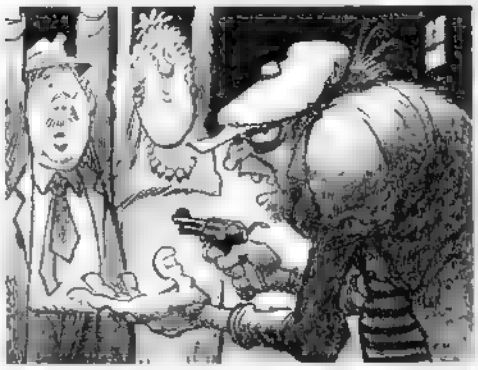
REMEMBER WHEN...

. . . "the punishment fit the crime", and a guy who committed anything from a misdemeanor to murder pretty much got the sentence he deserved.

TODAY...

. . . a guy who rips off a bank, pistol-whips a teller and drives away with 9 hostages gets a "suspended sentence" because it's only his first offense

REMEMBER WHEN...



. . you could always spot crooks. They looked tough . . . wore caps, eye-masks and turtleneck sweaters . . . and said things like, "Hands up, youse guys!"

REMEMBER WHEN...

. . . they used to protect young people from possible homosexual assaults by throwing all the "gays" into jails.

TODAY...

. . . they want to take young people *out* of jails to protect them from homosexual assaults by the "gays" who are *in*.

REMEMBER WHEN...

. . . a convicted murderer usually got a death sentence, which meant he had a choice of the electric chair . . . or the gallows . . . or the gas chamber.

REMEMBER WHEN...

. . . a notorious criminal invariably ended up being grilled in court . . found guilty . . . and forced to pay the price for his terrible crimes.

TODAY...

. . . he's interviewed on television, and writes books, and the price for his terrible crimes runs into millions of dollars. Only *they* pay *him*!

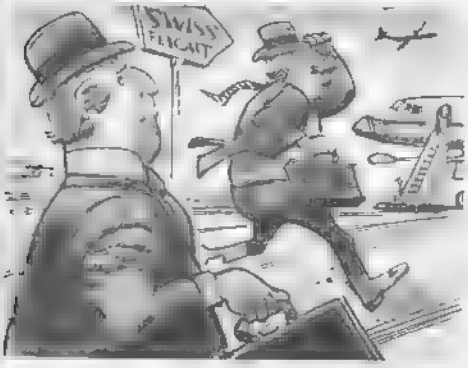
REMEMBER WHEN...

. . . it was rare that a person was mugged and knifed on the street . . . and when it did happen, 14 people would run over and help the victim.

GING FACE OF CRIME

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

TODAY...

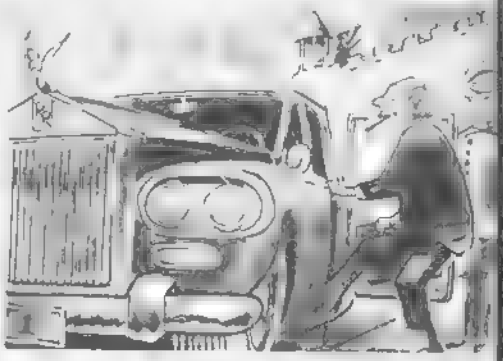


. . . most crooks look like oil tycoons . . . dress like bankers . . . and talk like politicians. Mainly because they *ARE* oil tycoons, bankers and politicians.

REMEMBER WHEN...

. a convicted criminal, like maybe an embezzler, spent years in jail . and all he had waiting for him when he got out was a new suit and 20 bucks.

TODAY...



. an embezzler is fined $30,000 for his crime . . . and all he has waiting for him when he gets out is $470,000 out of the half million bucks he stole

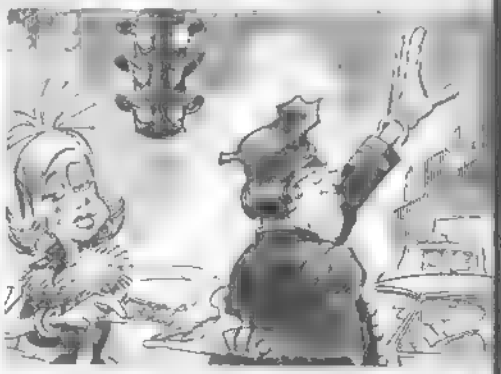
TODAY...

. . . he gets "life," which means he's out in 7 years, which means he has a choice of killing you before or after his first visit to his parole officer.

REMEMBER WHEN...

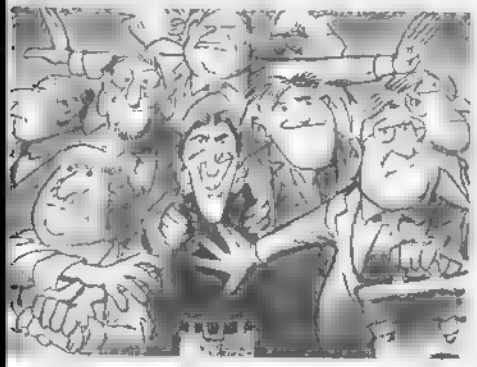
. . . the corner cop was a servant of all of the people . . . who earned our respect by standing with his hand like this . . .

TODAY...



. . . he's a defender of special people . . who has lost our respect, because he stands with his hand like this . . .

TODAY...



. . . 15 lawyers and the American Civil Liberties Union run over to help the *mugger*, and Ralph Nader accuses American industry of making lousy knives.

REMEMBER WHEN...

. . . you used to get 48 pages of MAD for 25¢, which you considered to be a rip-off, and thought that the publisher was a crook.

TODAY...

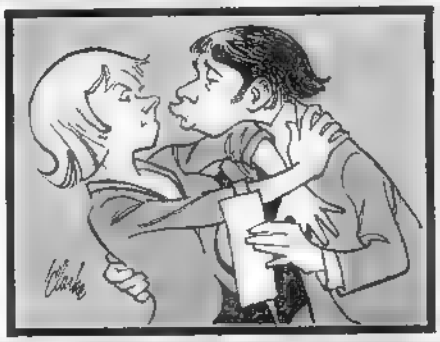
. . you get the same 48 pages for 60¢ . . . and the crook publisher considers himself to be a great environmentalist for recycling garbage as entertainment.

REDEEMING FEATURE DEPT.

If you're like most Americans, you've probably accumulated a whole drawer full of valuable looking coupons that entitle you to a few cents' discount on your next purchase of Puppy Kibbles or Roach Powder or Frozen Zucchini. Because if you're like most Americans, you probably don't want any Puppy Kibbles or Roach Powder or Frozen Zucchini, even if you can buy them all at a discount. What you

DISCOUNT COU
WE REALLY

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



15 15

Save 15 Minutes

OF FRANTIC STRUGGLING TO COLLECT YOUR GOOD NIGHT KISS

This coupon entitles the Bearer to one unresisted doorstep clinch upon presentation of receipts proving that he has spent at least $20 during the evening on such luxury items as movie tickets, parking lot fees and fried onion rings, which are only available on the á la carte because all you can get for free with a cheeseburger are lettuce and tomato.

THIS COUPON MUST BE HONORED BY ALL GIRLS WHO INSIST THEY WANT AN "HONEST RELATIONSHIP", WHATEVER THAT IS.

15 15

FOOD REFUSAL OFFER

LEAVE 12 GREEN BEANS ON YOUR PLATE ABSOLUTELY FREE OF PARENTAL CRITICISM

When You Eat 1 Acceptably Large Portion Of Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Harvard Beets, Mooshy Turnips, or Mom's Good Old Fashioned Greasy Pork Chops.

Note To Parents: This coupon is valid for all refusals of green beans when other conditions described above have been met. Your insistence that said beans be eaten anyway shall constitute a serious violation of this mutual agreement, entitling your child to throw up his entire dinner, if he so desires.

10db A NORMAN LEAR ENTERPRISES "MERCY COUPON" 10db

GOOD FOR 10 DECIBELS OFF

The Normal Screaming Voice Level Of Archie Bunker, Maude Or The Jeffersons To Any Viewer Who Has Completed Five Years Of Painful Television Endurance

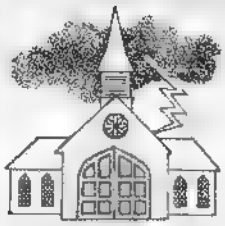
Instructions to Coupon Holder: (1) Assemble proof of your five years of faithful viewing by writing a synopsis of each episode that has been aired. (2) Mail synopses to the address below, together with your request for a 10-decibel reduction in the level of bellowed dialogue normally emitted by our bickering characters. (3) Prepare to open your home to a Norman Lear Enterprises technician who will arrive by return mail to move your television set far enough out into the front yard to protect you against any further eardrum damage.

10db NORMAN LEAR ENTERPRISES—DINGBAT TOWERS 10db

really need instead are discount coupons of a radically different type that may never exist. MAD has done some day dreaming about the subject, and we've conjured up this priceless collection of...

PONS NEED

WRITER: TOM KOCH



Lost Souls' Church

"Helping You Avoid Eternal Hellfire Since 1883"

BE ABSOLVED OF ONE EMBARRASSING SIN

FREE OF SHAME

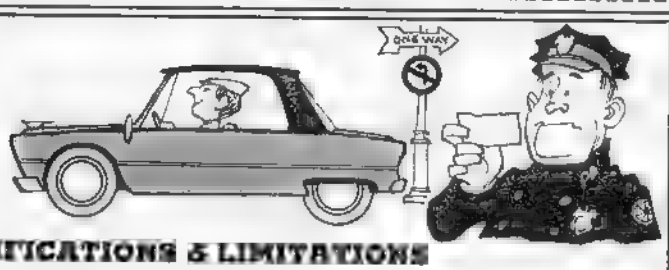
WITH EACH TEN YOU CONFESS AT LOST SOULS' INTER-DENOMINATIONAL CHURCH!

The burden of guilt for one (1) sin will be lifted from your shoulders absolutely free of penance by presenting this voucher, together with full confessions to any ten (10) of your other transgressions. Voucher and confessions can be received only by an ordained pastor, deacon, elder, organist, choir member or janitor of the Lost Souls' Church. NOTE: This coupon is not for use on mortal sins, nor does it legally absolve the bearer for spiritual misdeeds that may also be charged as felonies.

THIS COUPON WILL BE HONORED BY POLICE FOR

ONE ILLEGAL LEFT TURN

IN EXCHANGE FOR EACH $100 IN FINES ALREADY PAID BY THE BEARER.



QUALIFICATIONS & LIMITATIONS

1. Only **one** coupon may be redeemed by the bearer within any 24-hour period for unlawful motoring.
2. Coupons may **not** be hoarded and used in bulk quantity for avoiding punishment in connection with more serious traffic offenses, such as driving on sidewalks for the purpose of chasing pets and stray pedestrians.
3. This coupon is recognized only by the Traffic Division of your local Police Department, and may **not** be redeemed to get you off the hook with the Vice Squad, the Burglary or the Arson Detail.

HUMILIATION SUFFERER'S COUPON

GOOD FOR ONE GUARANTEED DATE WITH THE FOXY CHICK OF YOUR CHOICE

When Accompanied By Proof Of Eight (8) Prior Humiliating Rejections

Our Founder

This coupon entitles the Bearer to one entire evening (except Friday or Saturday, of course) with the Foxy Chick of his choice upon presentation of the voucher with all eight Rejection Squares punched out. The Bearer shall also have his voucher officially punched on each occasion when his request for a date with the Foxy Chick is contemptuously turned down for such obviously phony reasons as (1) her claim that she has to stay home all next week to wash her hair; (2) her contention that she must keep every evening open for her little brother's Bar Mitzvah, in the event he decides to become Jewish, or (3) her expressed belief that she may be married by tomorrow night, even though she isn't going steady right now.

ONE NUMBER TO BE PUNCHED OUT BY FOXY CHICK AFTER EACH HUMILIATING REJECTION

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

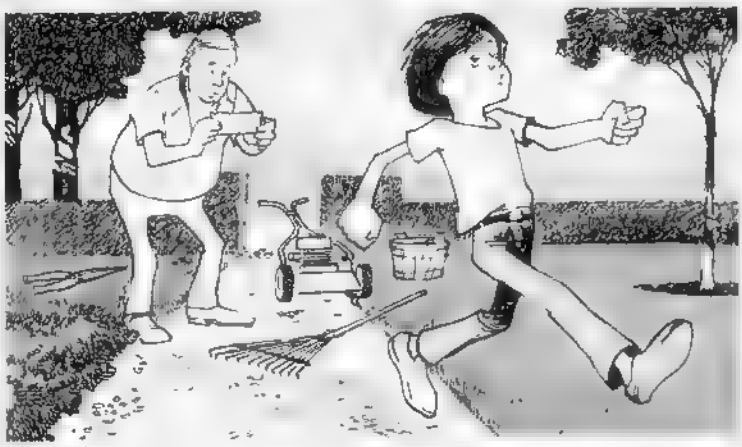
WORK AVOIDANCE COUPON

Good For

ONE OMITTED WALK SWEEP

Upon Completion Of Any Full-Scale Lawn Mowing, Hedge Trimming Or Leaf Raking

Attention Dear Old Dad, Or Other Steely-Eyed Parent: This coupon is valid when presented by your Beloved Offspring after he has spent long hours at sweaty labor, for which you plan to pay him very little, or possibly even nothing at all. Failure of the Parent-In-Charge to honor this coupon shall release the said Offspring from any and all obligation to put lawn implements back in the garage, or to cooperate in any other way with the long established family system of Bonded Serfdom which is still currently in effect.



5 MINUTES HEAD START

Is Hereby Granted To Any Weak, Defenseless Coupon Holder Who Already Has Been Beaten To A Pulp At Least Twice This Week By The Playground Bully

This voucher shall be honored upon presentation with the understanding that the Bearer will not alter his route home tomorrow or take any similar devious action that might threaten to deprive the Bully of his normal sadistic pleasure. It is further understood that any efforts by the Bearer to tattle to his Mom about past pummelings shall (1) render this coupon void, and (2) shall render the Bearer void of the Bully's earliest convenience.

THIS COUPON PERMITS THE HOLDER TO RETAIN

ONE MESSY CLOSET

In Exchange For A Thorough Straightening Of His (Or Her) Room Before Company Is Scheduled To Arrive

To Use This Coupon: The Bearer must first expend sufficient energy to make the room in question appear tidied and free of the gosh awful clutter that normally renders it unfit for human habitation. Having created such an appearance, the Bearer may redeem this coupon by presenting it to the Maternal Parent. In return, Mom agrees to refrain from noticing that all of the junk has merely been stashed out of sight by throwing it into the closet.

THIS COUPON ENTITLES THE BEARER TO PLAY

THREE (3) INNINGS OF ONE (1) LITTLE LEAGUE GAME

Upon Completion Of Almost A Full Season Of Having To Sit On The Bench And Watch The Other Guys Play Just Because They Do It Better

TO THE LITTLE LEAGUE COACH: The obligations specified hereabove may be fulfilled most painlessly by (1) having the Klutzy Kid play right field where he probably can't do much damage, or (2) inserting him in the lineup during the late innings after your team already is 15 or 20 runs behind, or (3) letting him play in an out-of-town tournament to which he can get his rich parents to pay his own bus fare while some of the more talented kids on the team can't.

JUNIOR ASSOCIATION OF KLUTZY ATHLETES

YOUR SPECIAL FREE BONUS
FROM FIDUCIARY FEDERAL

MOVE UP

TWO SPACES

IN LINE

By Presenting This Voucher During Your Next Visit To Any Branch Of Fiduciary Federal

Instructions To Coupon Holder: Display voucher to the two persons standing immediately ahead of you in line, and then step in front of them as you firmly announce, "I'm a preferred customer of Fiduciary Federal, and I am entitled to this special treatment." From that point on, our team of elderly bank guards who carry unloaded guns will do their best to protect you.

---

3 3

This Coupon Entitles The Bearer To

DITCH CLASSES FOR 3 DAYS

Upon Completion Of One-Half Semester Of Fairly Regular Attendance.

(1. Proportionately less than one-half semester required for any poor schnook who is enrolled simultaneously in any 2 of the following subjects: Trigonometry, Conversational Latin, or Remedial Hygiene.)

TO THE TEACHER: This coupon must be accepted in lieu of an absence excuse note when presented by any student regularly enrolled in your classes who has dutifully appeared almost daily despite your dull lecturing techniques and the nice weather we have had lately. And you are not required to accept more than one coupon from any student during each half-semester, assuming, of course, that you don't really care what happens to your car when you leave it parked outside the school building unattended.

3 3

Present This Coupon To
The Happy Hallways Condominium Association And Receive

TWO HOURS OF BLISSFUL SILENCE

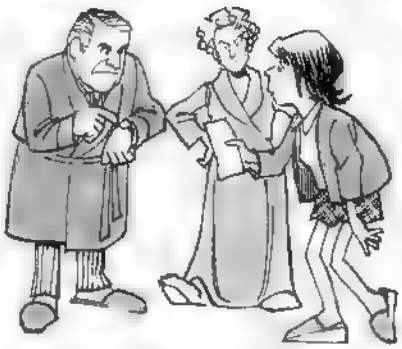
In Return For Suffering Through One Full Day Of Infernal Racket Created By Your Loutish, Inconsiderate Neighbors

LIMITATIONS & EXCLUSIONS: This coupon may not be redeemed during Christmas Week when children in nearby units are at home on vacation, or late Saturday night when some of the neighbors may be having a party, or Sunday morning when you would like to use your 2 hours of silence to sleep, or during an argument when the people next door are planning their divorce, or at any other time except the Fourth of July weekend when most condominium occupants happen to be out of town.

This Coupon Allows
The Bearer To Submit

ONE LOGICAL EXPLANATION

Before Suffering A
Long Bawling Out
From Irate Parents
For Disobedience



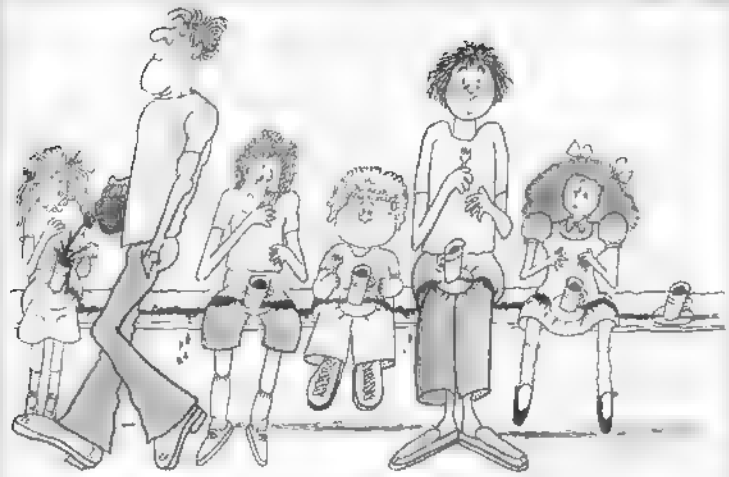
EXPLANATION OF TERMS: As used in this coupon, the term "disobedience" may be applied to such lesser infractions as returning home from a date after curfew, hanging out with the wrong crowd and failing to perform icky household chores. It may not be applied to such serious infractions as committing grand theft, getting tattooed on a dare or becoming pregnant. The term "logical explanation" may be applied to anything that seems logical to the coupon holder, including stories of tardiness due to an ambush by Berber tribesmen, or claims that every clock in town mysteriously has been set on Johannesburg Standard Time.

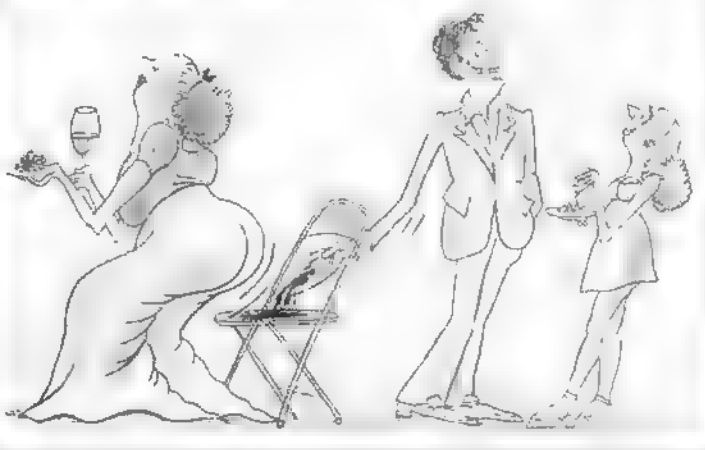
LAPPING IT UP DEPT.

MAD GOES TO A

BUFFET SUPPER

ARTIST & WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES





WESTHILL
PIG FARM

So you just reached your 13th birthday, and you think that automatically makes you a Teenager, right? Wrong! Sure, you're a Teenager chronologically, and naturally you are going through physical and psychological changes (if you're a boy your voice is changing from high to deep; if you're a girl, your voice is changing from no to yes). But like most other careers (and make no mistake about it, you are embarking on a 7 year career), Teenaging requires careful training. And so, to help pave the way for you, the following publication contains everything you will ever have to know about the highly complex, but deeply rewarding art of

HOW TO TEENAGE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

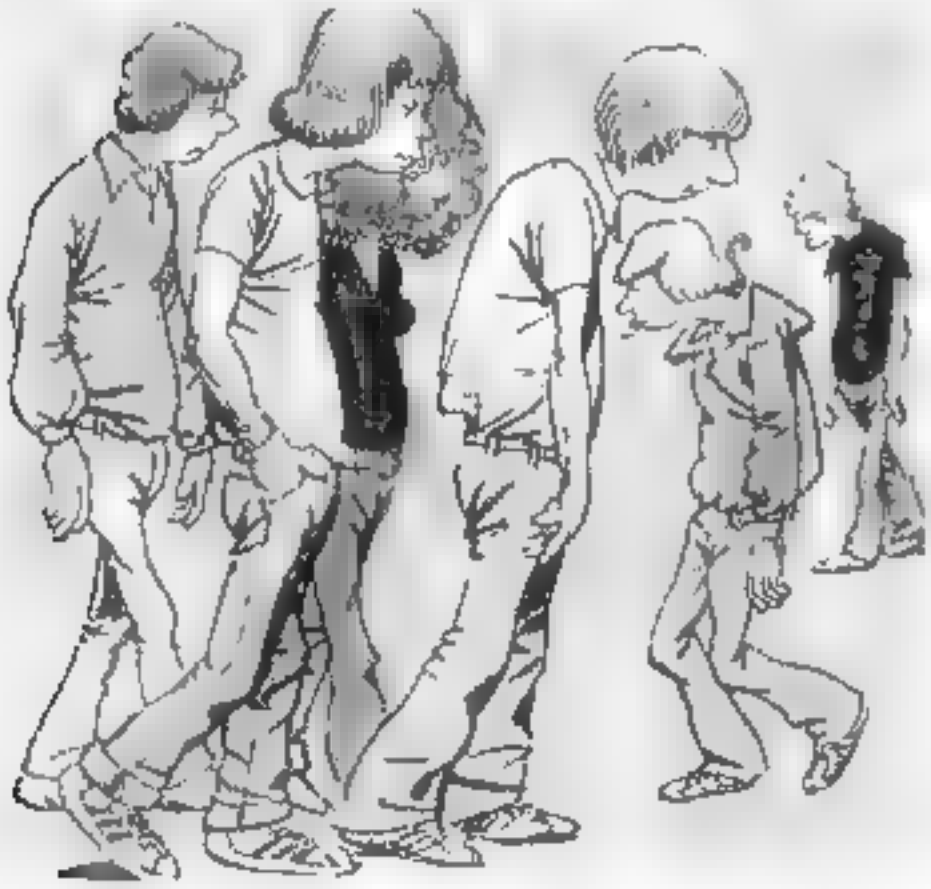
THE TEENAGE IMAGE

To begin with, it is absolutely imperative to project the right image. And here the catchword is hostility. Remember, a Teenager is *always* hostile. On the outside chance that you're a Teenage Freak (i.e., a member of the one percentile in the Teenage World who is a pleasant person) don't worry about it; you'll just have to try harder and work on your hostility. One of the best ways to wipe those obnoxious pleasant thoughts from your mind and become angry is to think of terrible things. For example, oil tycoons, environment polluters, Adolf Hitler. If this doesn't work, think of your parents. That *never* fails.

So much for your inner being. Now for your outer appearance. The same way that you learned the three R's in school, you must learn the three S's of Teenaging. These are: Sulking, Slouching, and Schlumping.

The Teenage Sulk

The ever-popular sulk is easy to master once you get the hang of it. Close your eyes almost all the way until they are slits, dilate your nostrils, and let the corners of your mouth droop until they reach your chin. Got it? Good. Now freeze this expression for seven years.



The Teenage Slouch

Correct posture is imperative in Teenaging. Take a jacket off a hanger in the closet, put it on, go in the street, and practice moving along with your shoulders hunched over so that you look like a walking question mark. Note: if you find your back tends to straighten up uncontrollably from time to time, leave the hanger *in* the jacket.

The Teenage Schlump

Schlumping is not only a way of life for Teenagers, but also a highly polished art form. As illustrated here, the proper schlump is not quite lying down, but a little bit more than sitting. The successfully schlumping Teenager can flop around like this for weeks at a time.

Historical note: The most unusual case of schlumping occurred in 1974 in Lincoln, Nebraska, when 16-year-old Alex Gribbish made the "Guinness Book of Records" and "Believe It Or Not" in the same year, having schlumped for 109 straight days, and then dying and coming back to earth as a beer pretzel.

GROOMING AND DRESS

As a Teenager, you should know immediately that the most important part of your body is your hair (of course there *is* one other part of your body, which *may* be as important and *might* give you as much pleasure, but we'll discuss your ears later when we get to Rock Music and Telephoning).

You have a choice of wearing your hair one of three ways: on your shoulders, on your waist, or around your ankles. For girls, it's pretty much the same. There has been some experimentation in recent years, whereby the hair is worn on a revolutionary place—the head. One of the most common of these styles is called the Afro. And it's become so popular of late that even some Black teenagers are trying it.

As far as dress is concerned, you have a choice of two shirts—the monogrammed T-shirt and the work shirt. If you wear the latter, you'll find you'll become very popular if you wear it unbuttoned to the waist (particularly if you're a girl).

We now come to *the* most important article of attire for Teenagers the jeans. There's only one thing you really have to know about jeans: *they must be tight*. If you try on a size 28 waist and you find you can't breathe, do the sensible thing: get a size 26.

Now let's try a little quiz. Which Teenager in the following illustration is wearing jeans, and which one isn't?

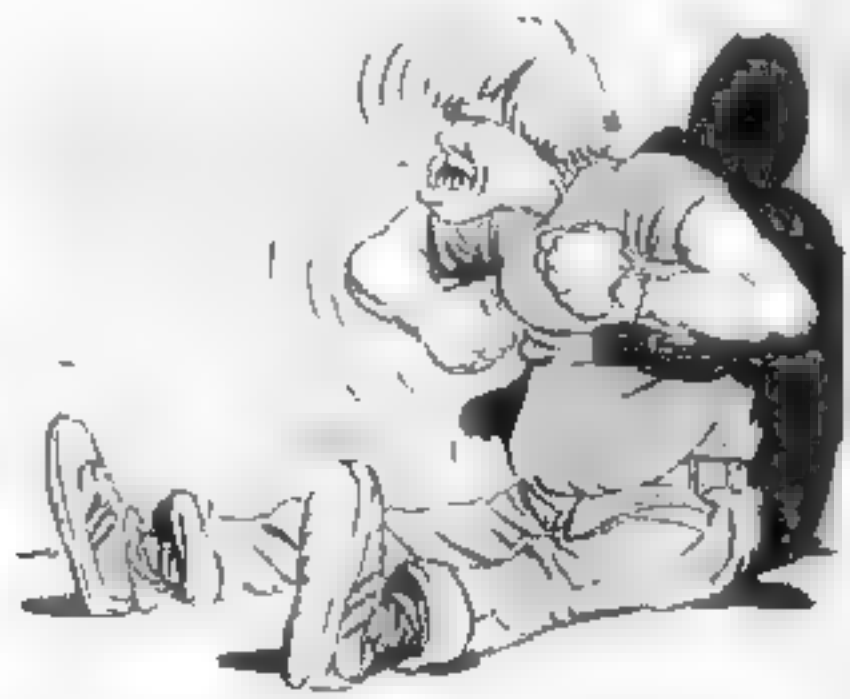
Answer: You got it right away, didn't you? Of course. The Teenager on the left is wearing tight French jeans and the nude Teenager on the right has a bad skin condition.

In case there is ever any doubt in your mind about jeans, remember this simple slogan: "If you can sit, the pants don't fit."

TEENAGE COMMUNICATION

As a Teenager it's vital that you learn how to communicate with others.

If you feel upset or emotional, don't be afraid to display your feelings. Sigh a lot, moan pitiously, fling your arms around, use grandiose gestures, be dramatic (think of Shakespeare's King Lear).



While at other times, you may want things from your parents. The best way in which to communicate this is by snorting, grunting, growling and beating on your chest (think of Dino De Laurentiis's King Kong).

As a last resort (and remember, *only* as a last resort) you may have to speak. The important thing is: don't panic. But before you utter a syllable, remember this: Teenagers are always incoherent. The best way to achieve this effect is by swallowing your words. Does this worry you? It shouldn't. Medical science has proved time and time again that Teenagers can eat *anything*. Following are some typical garbled Teenage speeches and their closest English translations. Use them. Perhaps you might even want to make up a few of your own:

TYPICAL TEENAGE COMMENTS	CLOSEST ENGLISH TRANSLATION
(a) Psspazzdebuu.	(a) Please pass the butter.
(b) Lezzgoroconceshrotuez	(b) Let's go to the rock concert on Shrove Tuesday.
(c) Mizzstorkahwanpotpotpot	(c) Mr. Storekeeper, I want a potted plant, French Fries and marijuana.
(d) Sicksexsax.	(d) I'm tired of making out with saxophonists.
(e) Ackneenonu.	(e) I've had this bad complexion for years.
(f) Brtzzgigfrppquint.	(f) Brtzzgigfrppquint.

TEENAGING AND THE TELEPHONE

The two main things to know about telephoning are these: if you're a boy it's all relatively simple. You dial a friend, you say, "Heymayawangobowg?" (Hey man, you want to go bowling?) Your friend says yes: you say, "Meetchoncor," (I'll meet you on the corner) and that's it.

For a Teenager girl, however, it's a whole different ball game. Whenever you're home, the telephone *must* be permanently attached to your ear. This is not always easy, and for that reason science is working overtime to help you in this area. For instance, at present in Terre Haute, Indiana, an inventor is working on a project, whereby if you pierce extra large holes in your ear-lobes, you may slip the telephone wire through. As soon as he irons out one last bug—namely, how to push the phone receiver through the ear-lobe first—it should be on the market.

Remember, it doesn't really matter what you say on the phone, *just don't hang up.* Important note: you must—repeat, *must* call up the girl friend you just spent the day with, no later than three minutes after you leave her. It is vital that she know about your fascinating trip home—across the street; the incredible experience of opening your front door; and your near brush with death walking through the garbage-littered mine-field of your room.

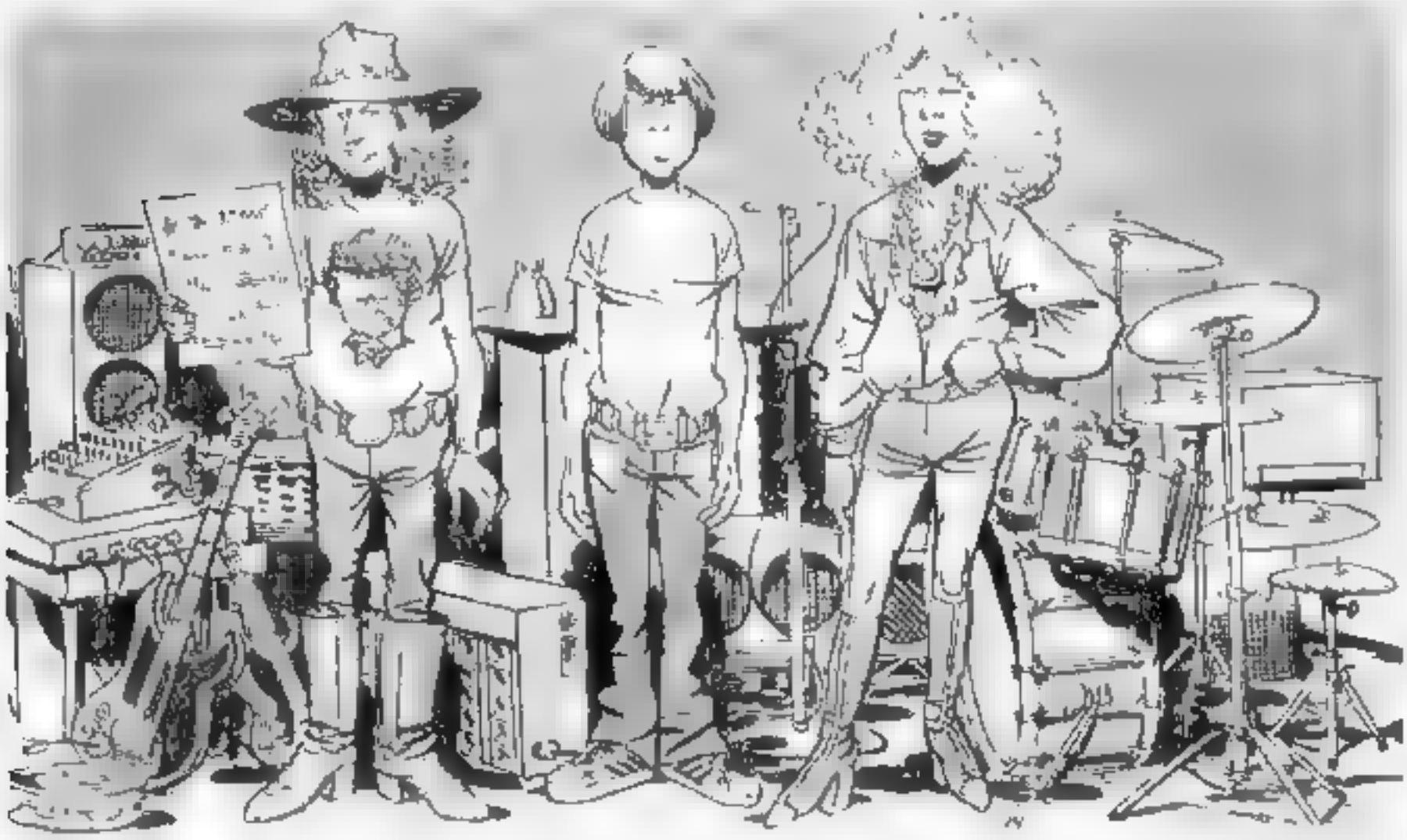
In short, the telephone is not only an integral part of your life, it's also an inseparable part of your body. And you will learn, in time, under ordinary circumstances, how to keep it on your ear at all times. Occasionally, however, an emergency situation may come up. Here is only one typical example, and how to handle it.

In the event of fire, cradle the phone on your right shoulder. Hold the fire extinguisher tank in your left hand and hold the hose in your right. Then spray the fire and talk to your girl friend at the same time. Note: in case of extreme emergency, like a cramp in your shoulder, do the only sensible thing: drop the fire extinguisher.

TEENAGING AND MUSIC

There is really nothing anybody has to tell a Teenager about music. All your actions in this area will be instinctive. You will instinctively know what stereo to buy, where to install your 83 speakers, what records to get. And then after an evening of listening to rock, you will instinctively know how to relax in front of your TV set watching "The 11:00 O'Clock News for Viewers with Impaired Hearing."

Instead let's discuss music-performance. For argument's sake, let's say that you have just reached 13 and you haven't cut a record yet (this has been known to happen in one out of every 200,000 births). The first thing you'll want to do is form your own Rock Group. Now let's try another little quiz. Which of the following Teenagers should you use in your Group?



Answer: Forget the guy on the left. He seems to know how to *read* music, which could be a lot of trouble in Rock. Ignore the guy in the center. He is standing too still and is not shaking his body. Choose the guy on the right. If nothing else, at least he *looks* like a Rock Singer.

Once the Group is formed, you will want to choose a title. Stay away from the following names, which have already been used by successful Rock Groups: Kiss, Chicago, Queen, Boston, Eagles. Here are some suggestions: Bronchitis, Phlegm, Belch, Canarsie, Puke, and Bellybutton. (Note: Use only *one* of these names, not all of them; since this happens to be the title of a Teenage Law Firm in Mamaroneck, N.Y.).

Finally, let's say you have a beautiful singing voice and have won music awards in school. This need not be a problem if you work on it. Just remember that to be a successful Rock Singer today, no matter how old you are, or what part of the country or world you come from you *must* sound like the constipated driver of a poultry truck in Yazoo, Mississippi.

TEENAGING AND SEX

First of all, let's put an end to a popular myth. We object to the ridiculous claim that most young people nowadays make out for the first time when they are Teenagers. This is a flagrant lie. It's true, of course, that a large number of 13-year-olds *do* make out, but believe us, it's not for the first time.

We suppose we're a bit old-fashioned in this matter, but concerning sex, we advise caution at all times. Naturally you're going to meet people you like and you're going to want to start dating. That's perfectly normal. Just take your time, get to know the other person, spend months building up a relationship and developing mutual interests. And then—and *only* then is it time to pop the first important question. Namely, "Are you a boy or a girl?"

Considering the way Teenagers look and dress nowadays (see above illustration) it's natural for you to be confused. You just don't know. This need not be a problem. The problem arises when the person you ask doesn't know either.

As soon as you both find out, and you're delighted to discover that you're a boy and she's a girl, or vice-versa, or vice-vice, or versa-versa, proceed accordingly. (See Chapter 24, "Once In A While It's Not So Terrible To Fool Mother Nature").

If your relationship develops into something permanent, you might want to look more deeply into such interesting areas as Chapter 25 ("Sex Before The Wedding") Chapter 26 ("Sex After The Wedding") and perhaps the most interesting area of them all, Chapter 27 ("Sex *During* the Wedding").

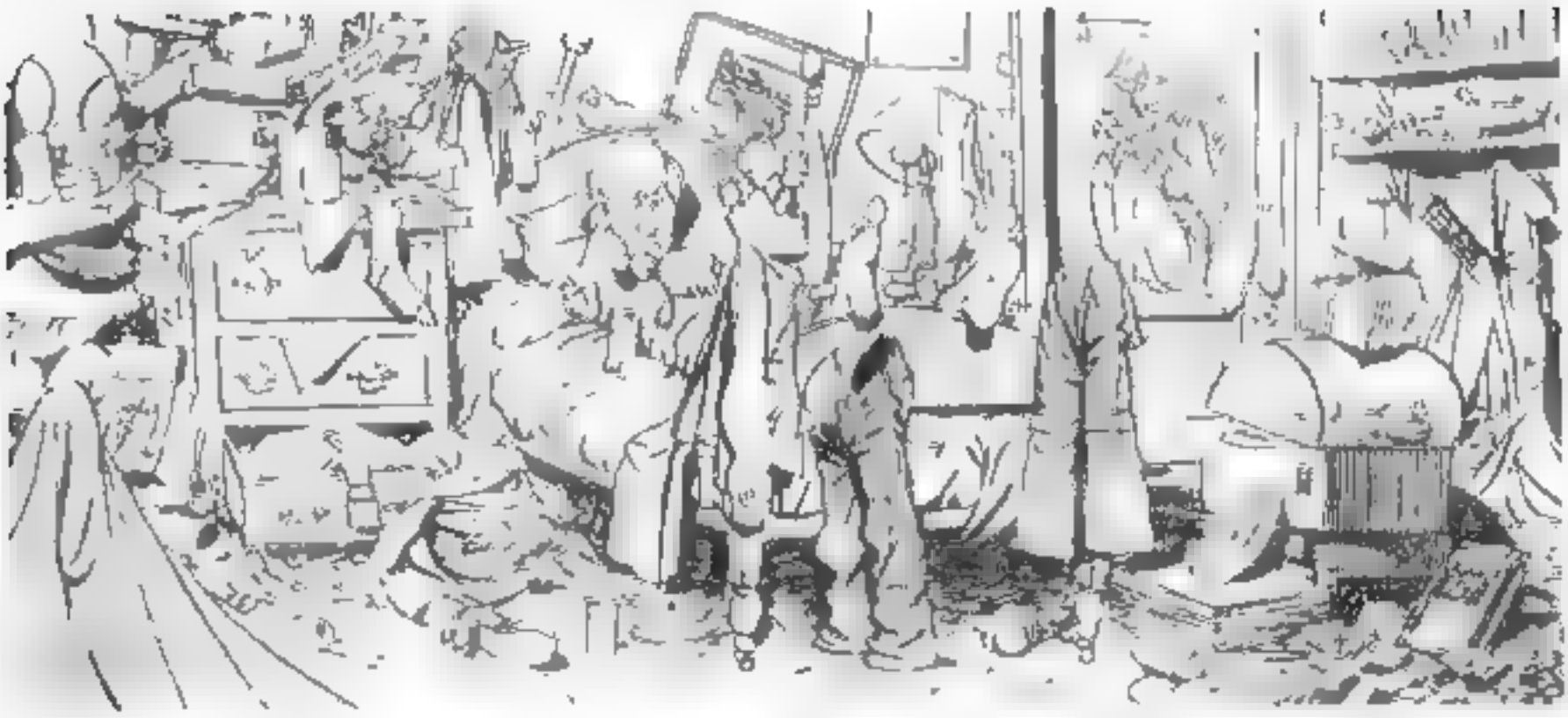
TEENAGING MISCELLANIA

In our concluding chapter we will try to cover briefly a few other important areas of Teenaging.

Handling Weirdos

If you ever walk into your house and are suddenly and unexpectedly accosted by an elderly stranger, don't panic or call the police. Distract him by introducing yourself and starting up a conversation. Who knows, in time you may even get to like your Father.

Earning Extra Money



Teenagers can always use a few extra dollars. You can look into a part-time job, if you wish. But there is a simpler way: apply for Federal Funds. This is not nearly as difficult as it may sound. Merely wire Pres. Carter and have him declare your room a Disaster Area.

Teenaging And Religion

You may want to consider joining the thousands of other Teenagers who are turning to Religion lately and are beginning to see the light. You find this hard to believe? Only last week 15-year-old Rick Hammerfleisch, of Los Angeles, received a sermon from the Mount and saw a man walking on water. His explanation for these phenomena was both simple and reverent: There's no skiing this weekend, but surf's up.

Finally, we would like to close with a multiple-choice quiz.

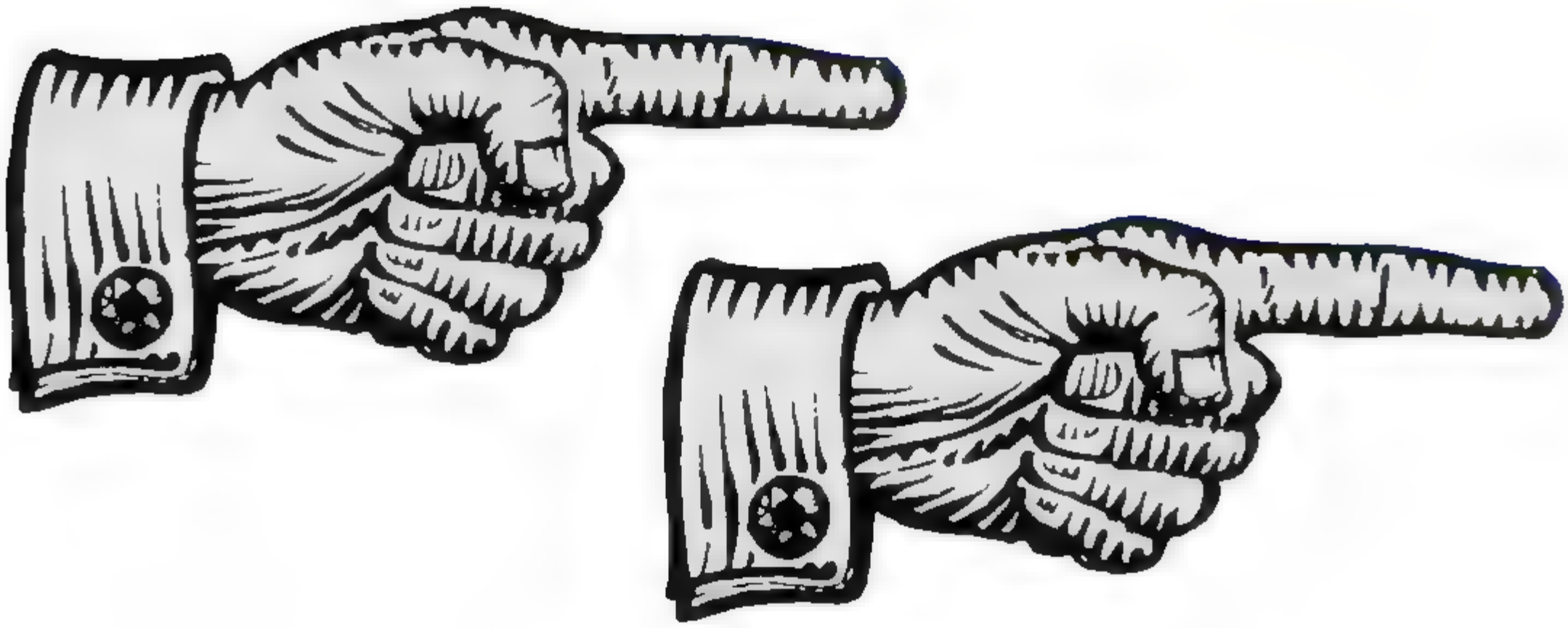
Why is this typical Teenager watching "The Six Million Dollar Man" with one eye, while reading a book with the other, as he listens to a Stevie Wonder record and a football game with one ear, while talking on the phone with his mouth and listening with his other ear?

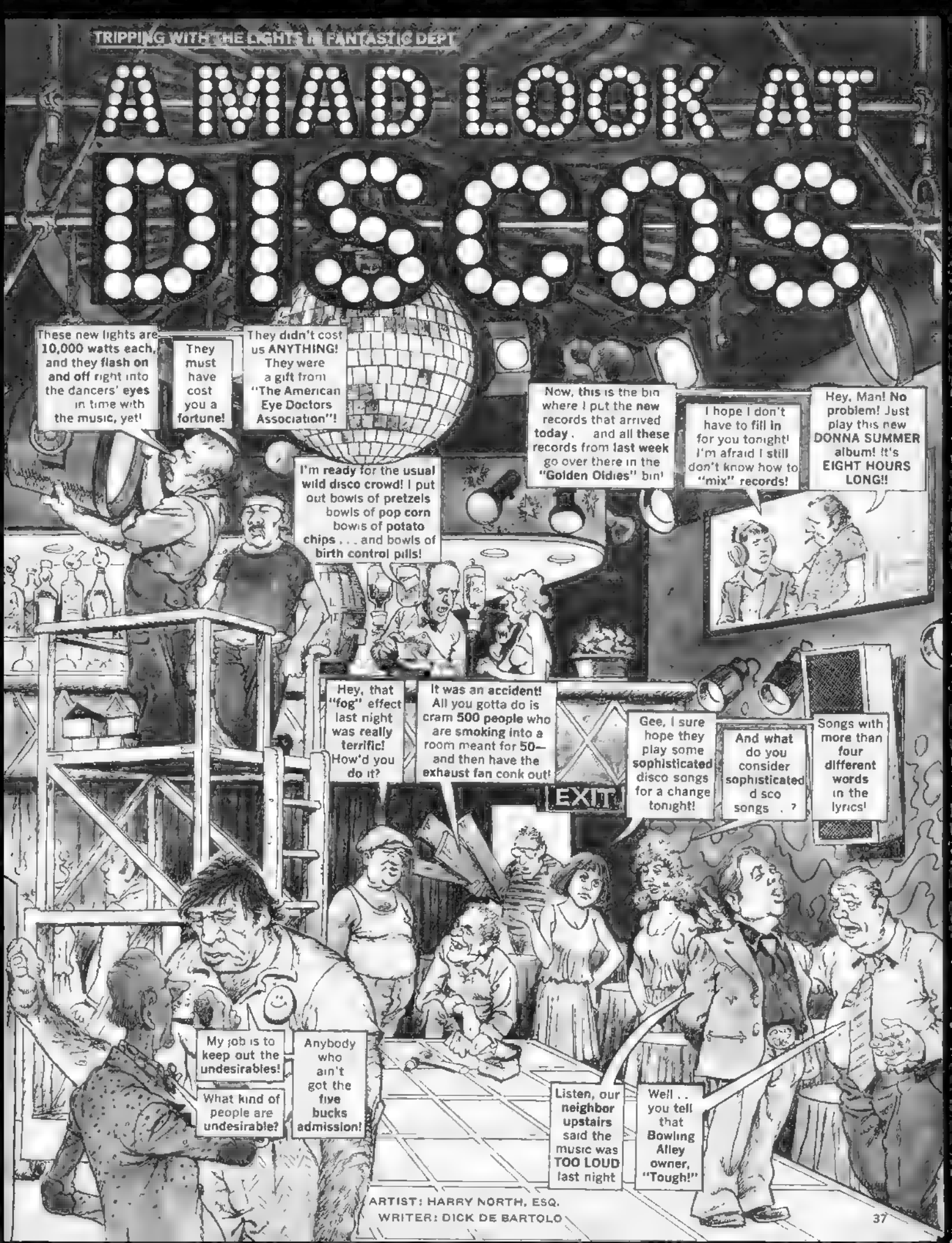
(a) He is practicing to join a Circus Side Show as a Mental Wizard
(b) He is rehearsing to go on "The Gong Show" as a One Man Concentration Machine.
(c) None of these.

Answer: (c) None of these. He is studying for a Geometry final.

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.





ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Ten minutes in the bathroom? What took you so long??
It took me that long to dry my hands! Would you believe they have the ELECTRIC HAND-DRYERS wired to go on and off to the beat of the music, too!!
Man, he's fantastic! Does the routine he's doing have a name?
Yeah, it's called an epileptic fit!
Gee, I wonder if he can teach it to me!!
I've heard that listening to loud, blaring music for long periods of time can affect your hearing! You think that's true?!?
Fine, thank you!
Hey! This music sounds familiar!
It's "Beethoven's Fifth Symphony" with bongos and a disco beat!
Oh, wow! I just LOVE the classics!
I'm not like most of the girls who come here just to pick up guys! I come here to DANCE!
Great! Would you like to dance!
I sure would! Your place or mine!
Hey, pretty baby! You want to dance?
Oh, sure! It always starts out as dancing, but it always ends up as 'making out'!
I promise! No making out!
NO MAKING OUT?!? Get lost, you pervert!!
Boy, you can really move in this crowd!
I practice an hour every day!
Evenings at a dance studio??
No . . . 5:00 PM during the subway rush hour!
Boy it's so great to get away from those crowded class rooms and relax for a change

You look really great! You're wearing that NEW LOOK . . . the "TRASH" LOOK! How did you do it?
I just put on my regular clothes—and then I threw myself down two flights of stairs!
Y'wanna sit down?
Let's wait for the next break!
This is a DISCO . . . remember?! The next break is 7 hours from now!
Yeah, she passed out cold twenty minutes ago, but the place is so crowded, there's just no room for her to fall down!
Our boss is the cheapest guy in the world! We've got 40,000 chase lights, 80 strobes, 53 revolving spots, and 19 color wheels . . . and I get yelled at for leaving the light on in the storeroom!
Hey, I don't see Chris here tonight!
Chris had an accident! He fell off his platform shoes!
Man . . . I can't stop m-o-ooving m-o-oooving . M-OOVING!! I think I took too many "uppers"!
Gee, don't you have any "downers"?
Yeah, but I left my parents home!
Listen, we got another complaint about the noise!
I TOLD you what to tell the people who run the Bowling Alley!
No, this is a complaint from the people DOWNSTAIRS!
Well, you tell the people who run the SUBWAY the same thing!!
Uh—Do you think the way they're moving their hips together has a sexual connotation?
I sure do! Especially since the music nearly five minutes ago!

NO CONFIDENCE GAME DEPT.

HOW CAN Y

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

. . . The Druggist who does both urine analysis . . . and sundaes!

. . . the Wildlife Guide who is covered with poison ivy sores!

. . the law-and-order Mayor who double-parks his imported $28,000 official car!

. . . the Investment Expert who brown bags his lunch, and wears 1960 type narrow ties and shoes that need re-soling!

. . . the exclusive Men's Shop Clerk who wears a dark blue suit with brown shoes and white anklet socks!

OU TRUST...

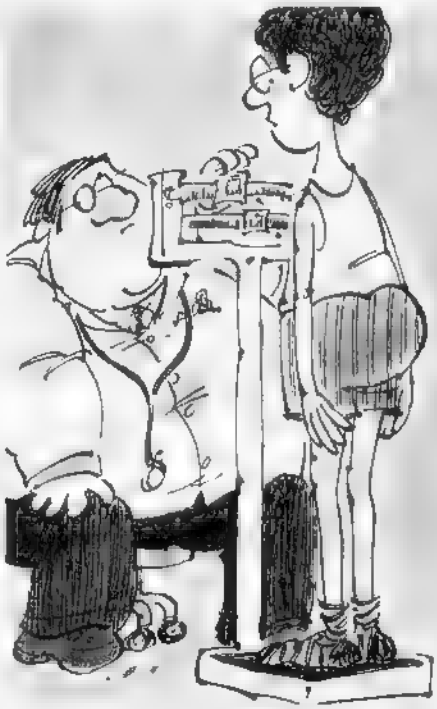
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

. . . The Ecologist who litters the streets with his pamphlets urging us to save our pulp woods!

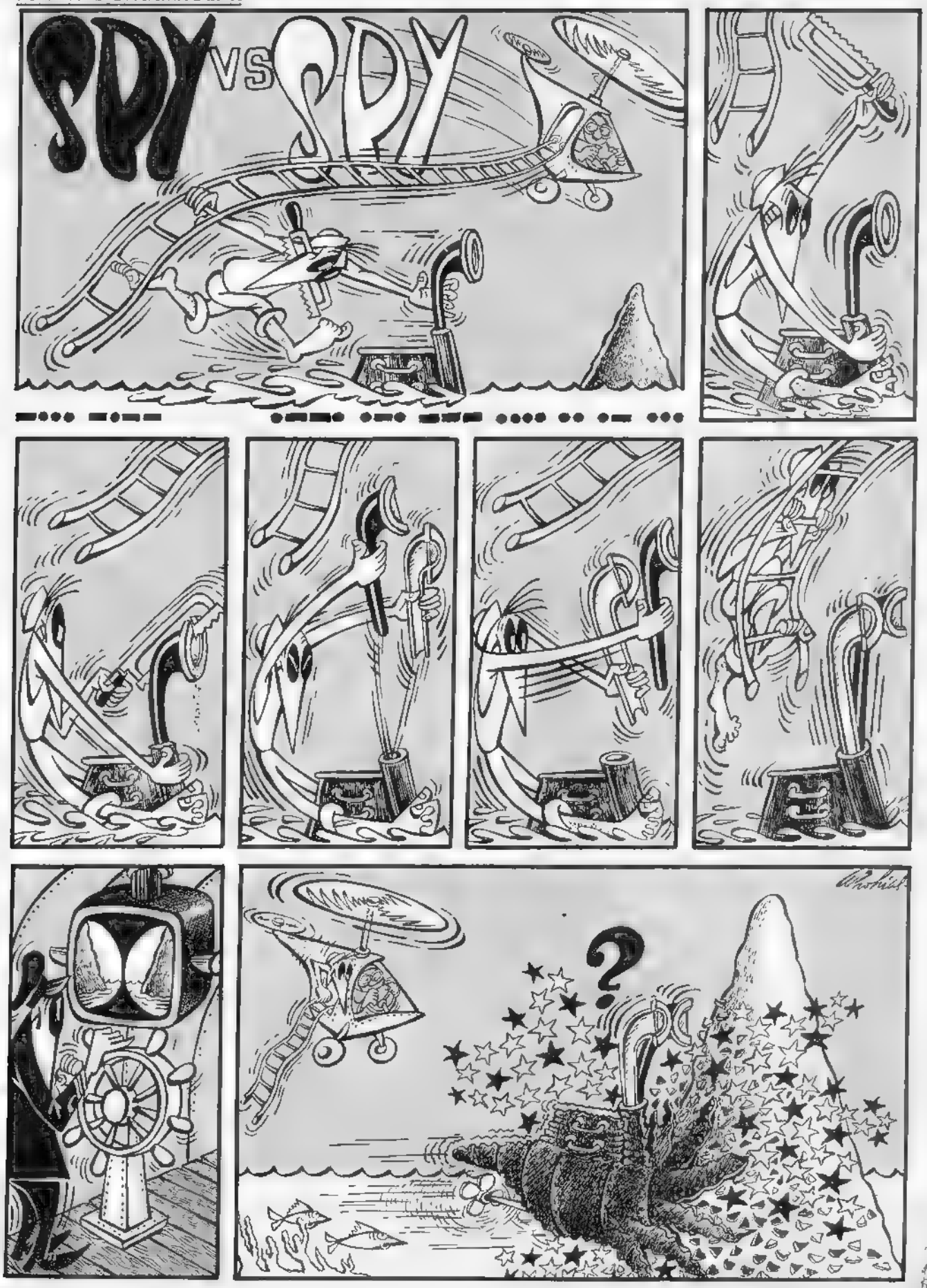
. . . the Airline pilot whose pre-flight check consists of kicking the tires, and who hangs a rabbit's foot on his instrument panel!

. . . the Suicide-Prevention Line that's always busy!

. . . the Little League Coach who has 3 sons, 4 nephews and his kid sister on the team!



. . . the Diet Doctor who weighs over 300 pounds and wheezes when he talks!

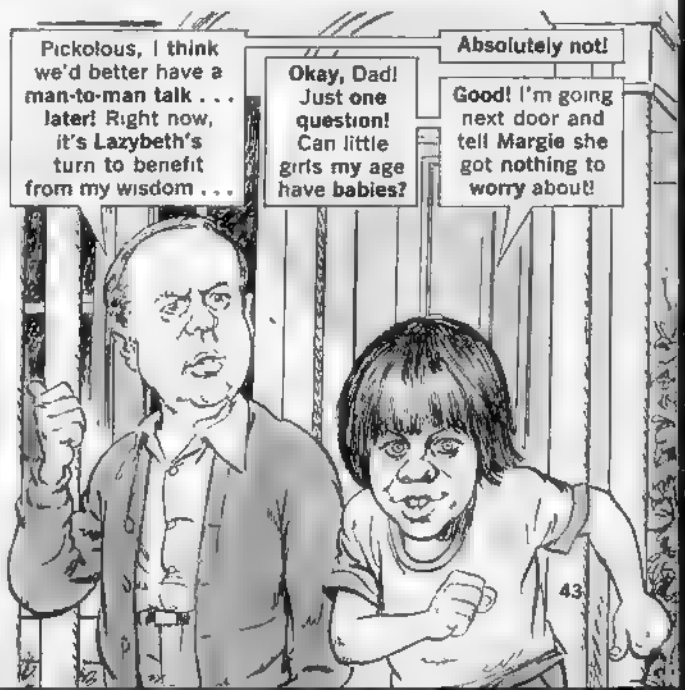

SPY VS SPY
?

BROOD FORCE DEPT.

Once upon a time, TV parents—especially Fathers—were portrayed as good-natured bumbling clods. But today, there's a new trend in TV Dads. They have the combined wisdom of Dr. Freud, Dear Abby and Hugh Hefner. No matter what the problem, they have the solution. Except when it comes to the hit TV show about a family with 8 kids. Even Freud, Abby and Hefner couldn't handle all their problems, because . . .

eight is too rough

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



Dad, can't I go on the pill?! All of my friends are laughing at me!

If you're so concerned about what your friends think, tell them you ARE on the pill, and take "M & M's" instead!

Thanks, Daddy! You're really cool! I never knew "M & M's" could be substituted for the pill!

The Partridge Family and The Brady Bunch never had these kind of problems!! Why ME?!?

Gabby, you're studying for your Ph.D., which means you have at least NORMAL intelligence! How come you put starch in my long johns?! I can't get the flap up!

If I had normal intelligence, would I have married a short, plump, balding, middle-aged clod with eight kids?!?

STARCH

Dad! Dad! I've got some great news! I went out for the Football Team, and guess what!!

You made the team!! That's great! I told you if a person tries hard enough, he can accomplish anything!

No, I DIDN'T make the team! I was the first one they cut!! I'm a real loser! Aren't you proud?

TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS

Y'know . . . there's something very strange about that kid . . . !

He's only acting out your "no-win" philosophy!

No, it's not that! He seems . . . different somehow!

He IS different! He's a replacement! Your original son left to be in "Star Wars"! All of your kids are typical bland, plastic, no-personality TV types that can easily be replaced without the audience ever noticing the difference!

Dad, can we go to a slumber party?

Of course! I'm glad today's teenagers still enjoy old-fashioned, clean fun like slumber parties! They used to call them pajama parties!

Who wears pajamas . . .?!

I—I think these parties have changed since your day, Tom!

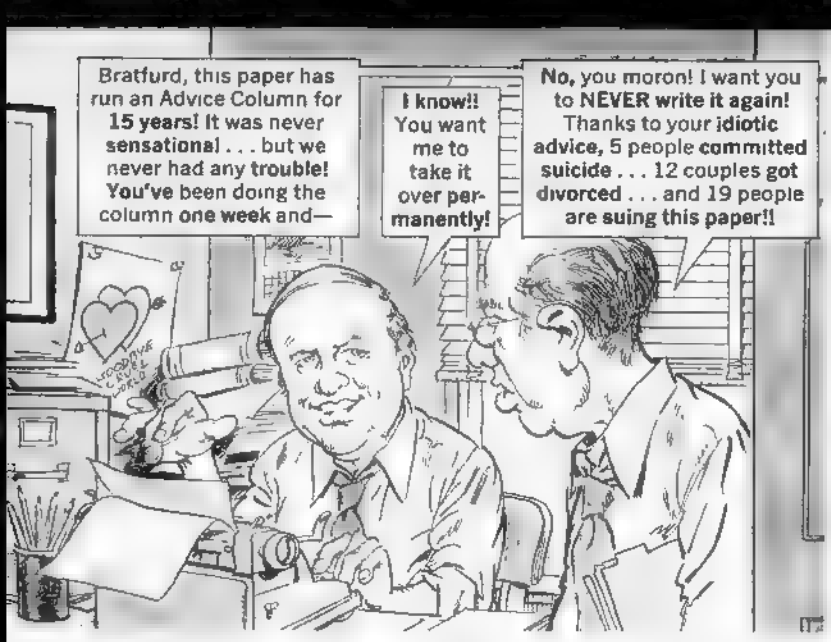
Girls still sleep over one girl's house, and they still lay around and play records and giggle a lot, right?!? What's the big difference??

It's not just girls!!

WHAT?!?

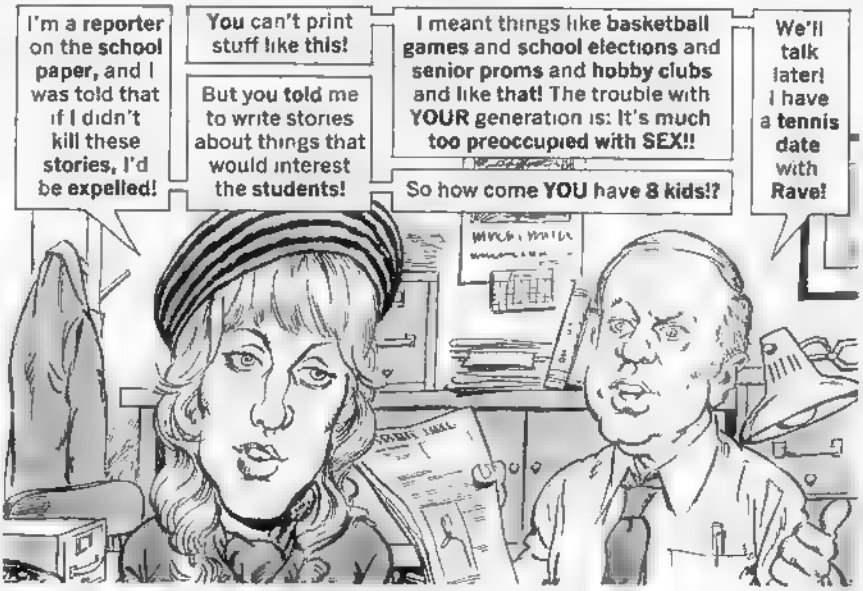
Don't worry, Dad! I took my "M & M's"!

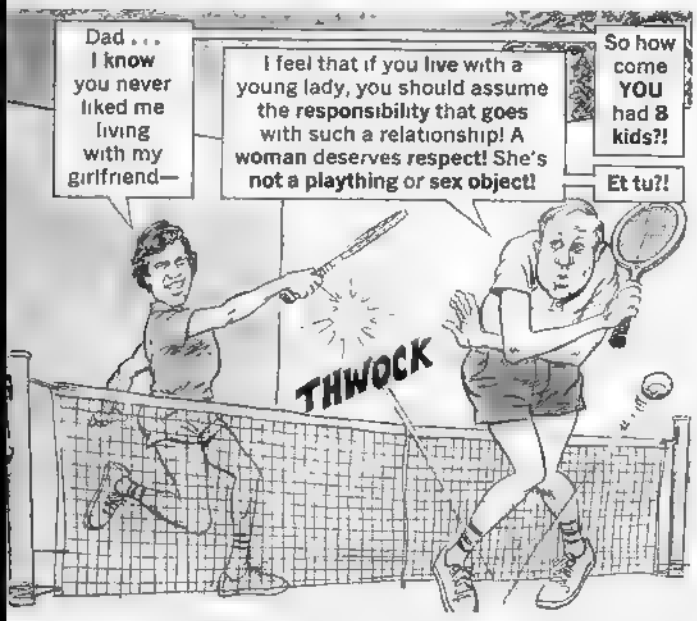
While you're busy solving problems for everyone . . . I've got one, too! I have to cook, shop, clean house, iron your shirts, make like a wife, attend school and hold down a job!
So what's your problem?!?
I simply don't have enough time for everything!
Well, for openers, you can stop putting starch in all my clothes! That should save you plenty of time!
The starch bit is what passes for humor around here, and we NEED all the laughs we can get!!
Gabby, we have to establish what's important! My shirts have to be ironed, we have to eat, and the house has to be kept clean! So, either your school, or your job has to go! It's your decision! Just remember you're a married woman with eight kids! So which is more important? Going to school . . . ? Or bringing home a paycheck . . . ??
Where are you going?
To tell my Boss I QUIT!!
But, we have 8 mouths to feed! You just can't—
With so many people living here, how come you're talking to yourself, Dad?
I was talking to Gabby, but she left!
VROOM
Since you married her, things aren't the same around here, Dad!
I know you miss your Mother! But remember, she died happy! When the Doctor told her she had less than a week to live, she giggled, "Thank God! I thought I was pregnant again!"
Before you re-married, I used to get involved in crazy SitCom Plots, like fixing you up with my friends' divorced Mothers! Now, I don't have anything to do!
Stop complaining! You still get all the funny lines!!
But, Doctor . . . I mean, Dad, it's not enough just being another smartass six-year-old version of Alan Alda! I need involvement!!
Hmmmm! Well . . . you DO have five unmarried Sisters! Why not fix THEM up?!?
That's a great idea, Dad! Thanks!
I saw him first!
Well, I'm the oldest!
He's mine! He's mine!
What's going on here?!
I did like you told me, Dad! I fixed them up!
Then, why are they fighting?
I fixed them all up with the same guy!!


Bratfurd, this paper has run an Advice Column for 15 years! It was never sensational . . . but we never had any trouble! You've been doing the column one week and—
I know!! You want me to take it over permanently!
No, you moron! I want you to NEVER write it again! Thanks to your idiotic advice, 5 people committed suicide . . . 12 couples got divorced . . . and 19 people are suing this paper!!

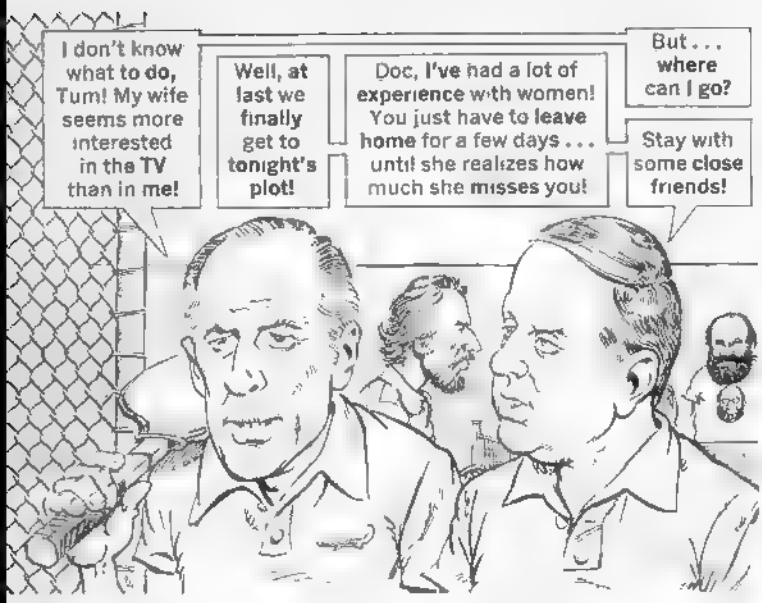
Hi, Honey! What are you doing here?
Dad, you DO believe in Freedom of the Press, don't you?
Of course I do! A Free Press is the bulwark of Freedom and Democracy!
Good! Then you won't be angry because I got myself thrown out of school!
So help me Woodste n

FINSTER HIGH SCHOOL FINAL
WILD ORGY ON SCHOOL BUS
BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE TEACHERS' ROOM

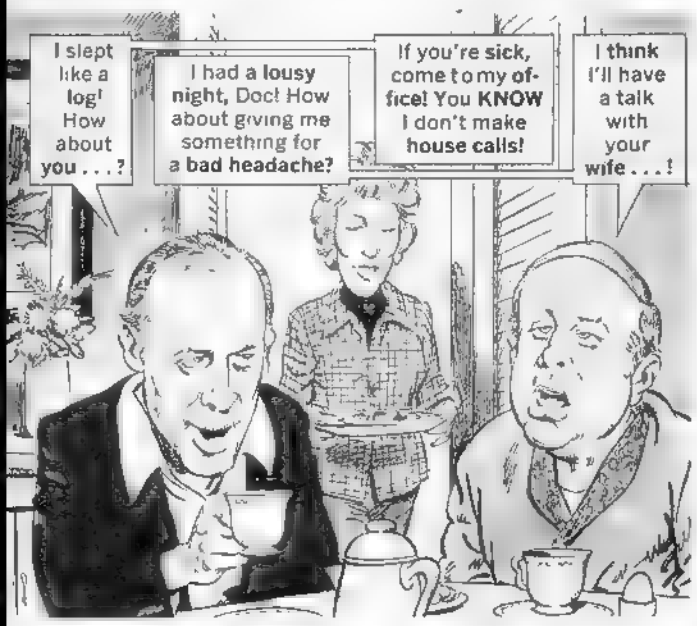

I'm a reporter on the school paper, and I was told that if I didn't kill these stories, I'd be expelled!
You can't print stuff like this!
But you told me to write stories about things that would interest the students!
I meant things like basketball games and school elections and senior proms and hobby clubs and like that! The trouble with YOUR generation is: It's much too preoccupied with SEX!!
So how come YOU have 8 kids!?
We'll talk later! I have a tennis date with Rave!


Dad . . . I know you never liked me living with my girlfriend—
I feel that if you live with a young lady, you should assume the responsibility that goes with such a relationship! A woman deserves respect! She's not a plaything or sex object!
So how come YOU had 8 kids?!
Et tu?!
THWOCK

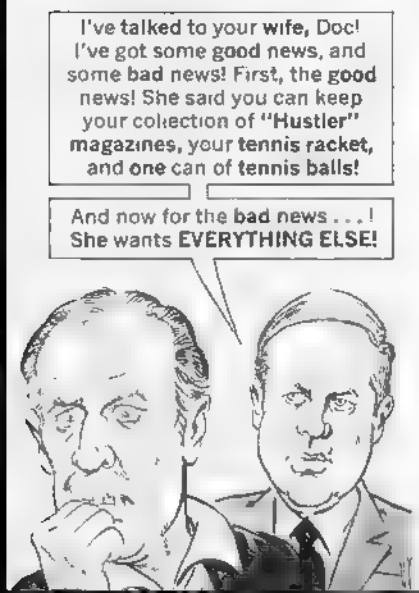
You're saying if I live with a girl, I should marry her! Well, I'm taking your advice, and—
You're getting married?! That's great!
No— I'm getting rid of my girlfriend!
Dad, meet my new roommate, Bruce!
Hi, there! Anyone for mixed doubles?


I don't know what to do, Tum! My wife seems more interested in the TV than in me!
Well, at last we finally get to tonight's plot!
Doc, I've had a lot of experience with women! You just have to leave home for a few days . . . until she realizes how much she misses you!
But . . . where can I go?
Stay with some close friends!

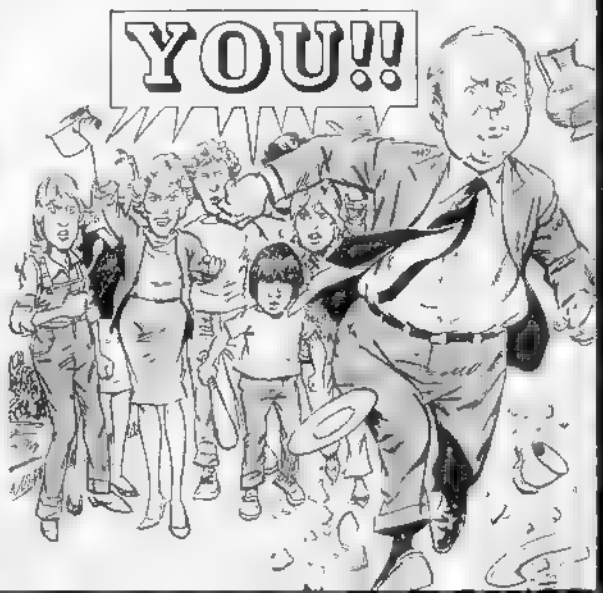
Gabby—uh—Doc and his wife had a misunderstanding, and he's going to spend a few days with us as our guest!
Does he have to SLEEP with us?!?
It's either here with us, or with one of the girls!


I slept like a log! How about you . . . ?
I had a lousy night, Doc! How about giving me something for a bad headache?
If you're sick, come to my office! You KNOW I don't make house calls!
I think I'll have a talk with your wife . . . !

You shouldn't be wasting your time, sitting around watching TV! You're still a vibrant, attractive woman! You should be getting out and enjoying yourself!
You're right! I'm going to start swinging tonight!
Doc will be real glad to hear that!
Not with that old fool! I'll get myself a young stud! I'm still a vibrant, attractive woman, right?!?

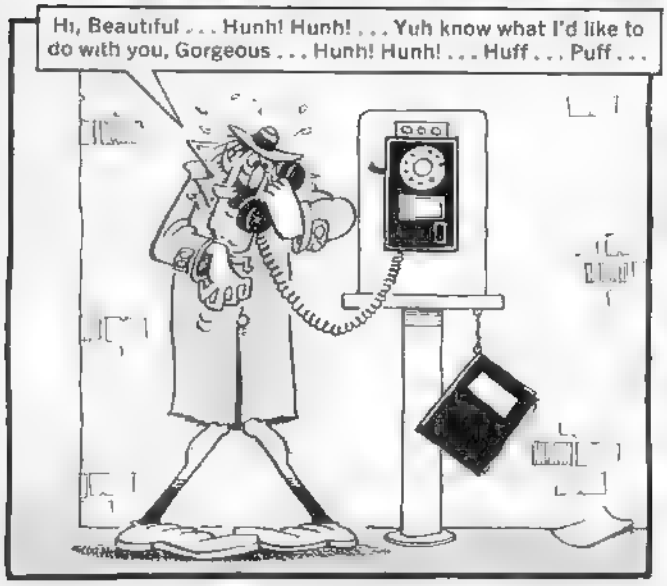

I've talked to your wife, Doc! I've got some good news, and some bad news! First, the good news! She said you can keep your collection of "Hustler" magazines, your tennis racket, and one can of tennis balls!
And now for the bad news . . . ! She wants EVERYTHING ELSE!

Now that I've straightened out Doc's life, do any of YOU have a problem . . . ?
Yeah . . . we ALL have one problem!


YOU!!

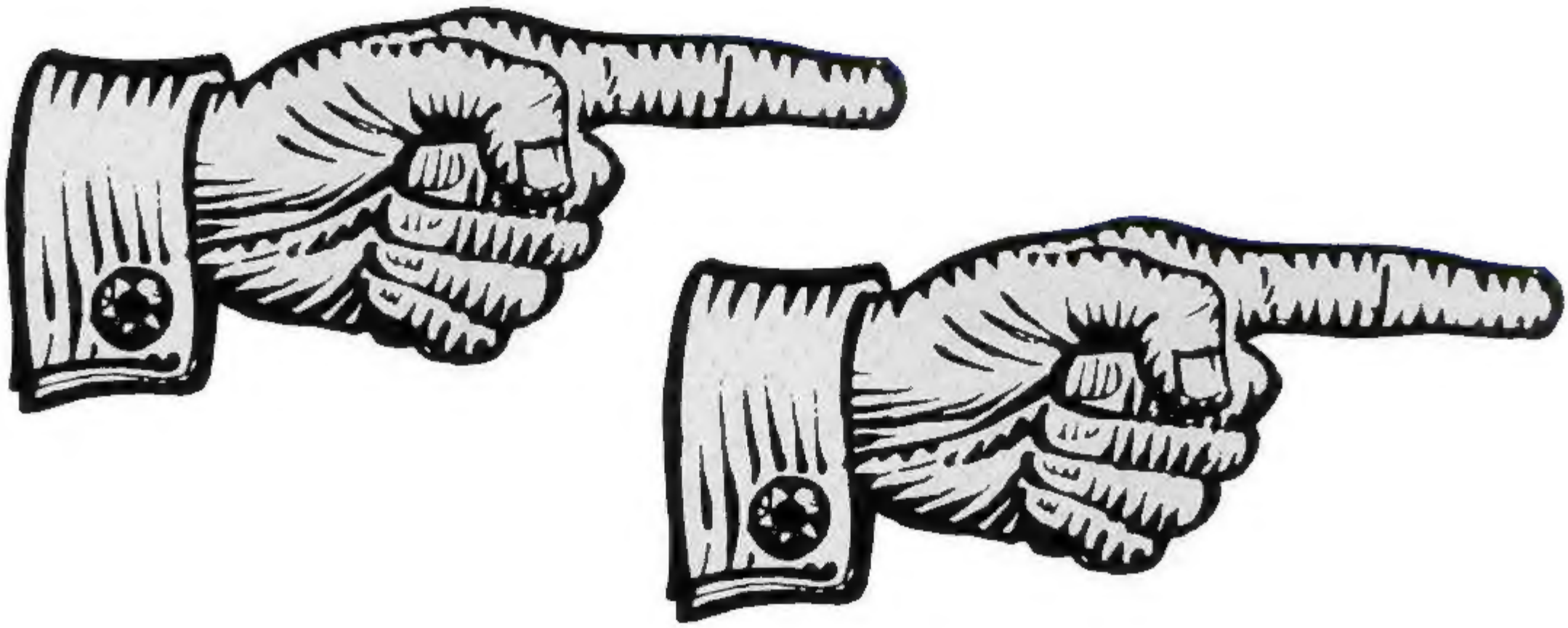
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE SUNDAY EVENING



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT COLORFUL SPECTACULAR CREATURE IS STILL BEING EXPLOITED... EVEN AFTER IT HAS WIGGLED AND DIED?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Fabulously attractive creatures quickly become over-exploited commercially. Leopards, cheetahs, peacocks, parrots, tropical fish and butterflies are good examples. But recently, a new and very special specimen has fallen into this category. To identify this creature, fold in page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

FABULOUS CREATURES ARE EXPLOITED WHEN ELEMENTS IN OUR SOCIETY, FROM KIDS IN LEVIS TO MATRONS IN MINK, CREATE THE DEMAND

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

WHAT COLORFUL SPECTACULAR CREATURE IS STILL BEING EXPLOITED... EVEN AFTER IT HAS WIGGLED AND DIED?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

ELVIS

A▸◂B

ONE THURSDAY AFTERNOON AT THE EDGE OF A MEADOW

ARTIST: DON MARTIN WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES